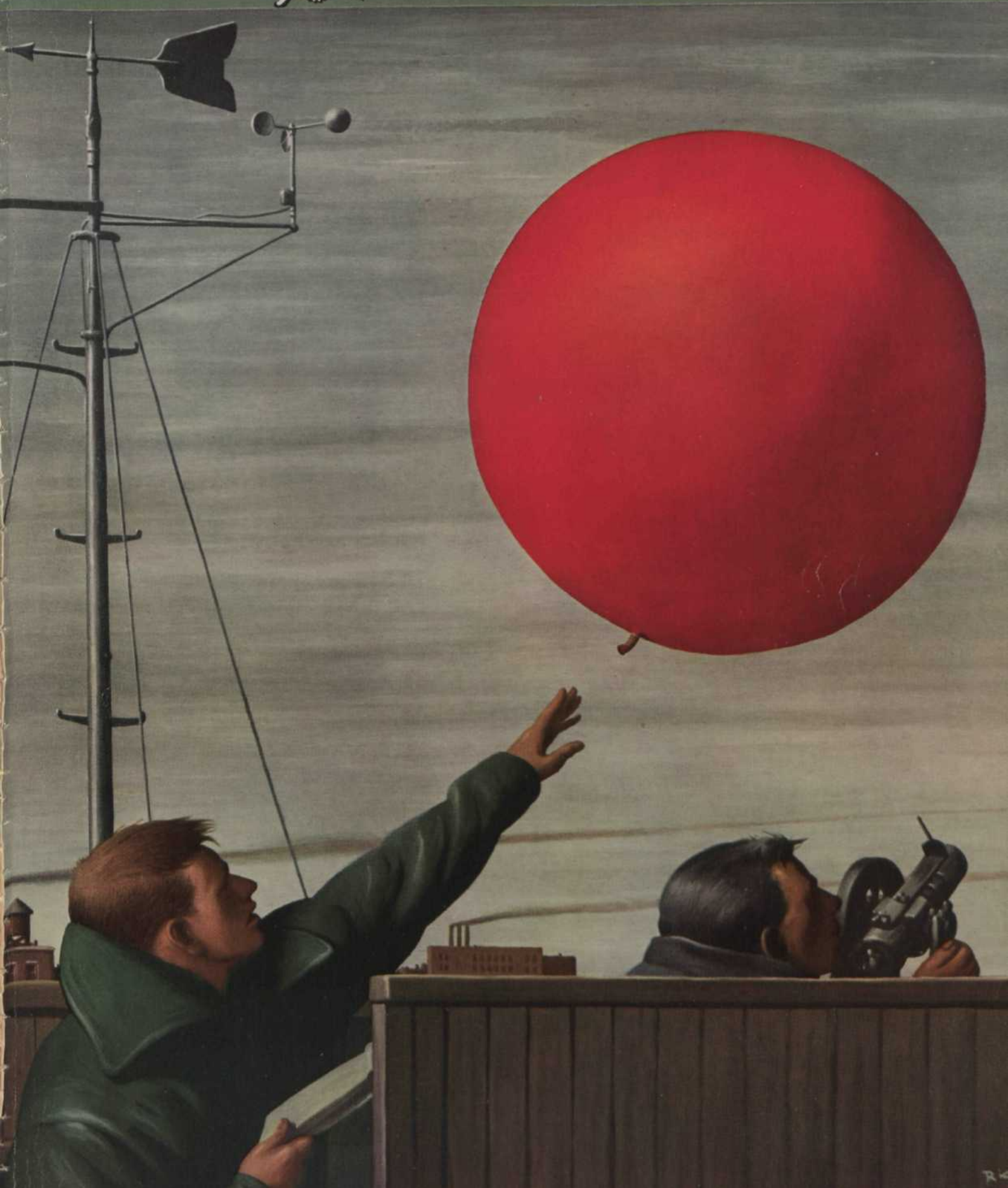
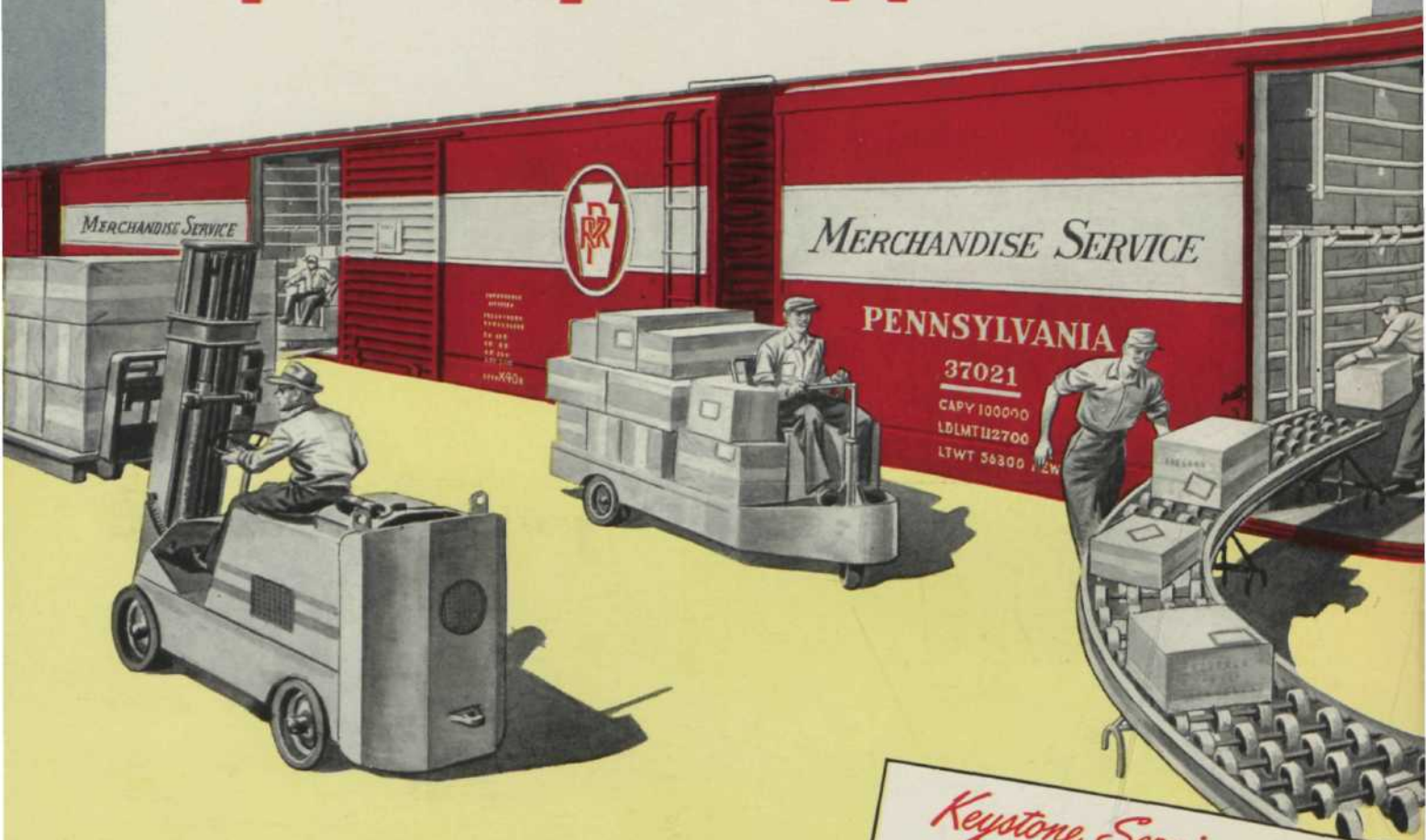
JANUARY·1951

Nation's BUSINESS



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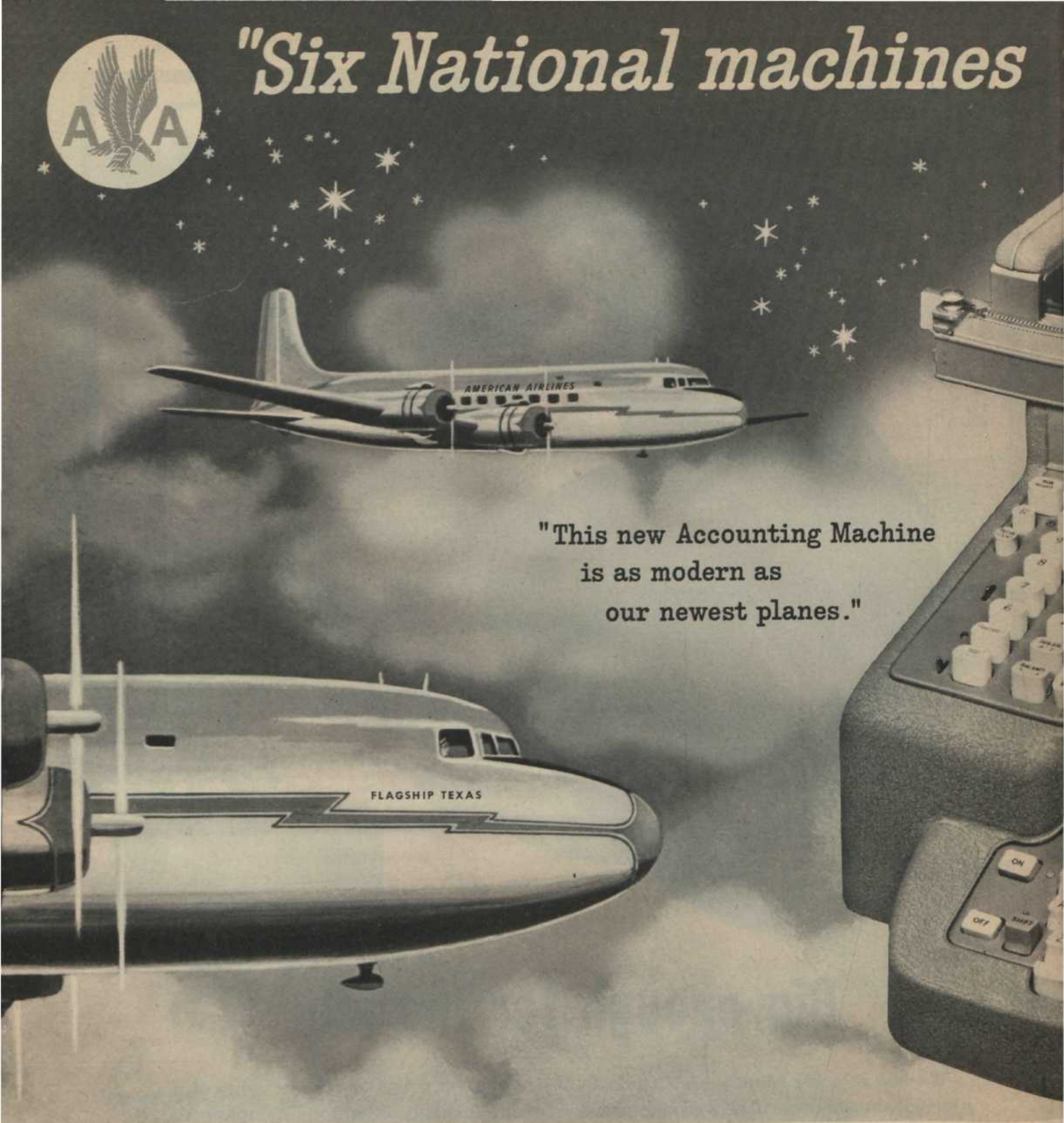
Times like these emphasize the benefits of such growth and the value of a strong, healthy telephone company to serve the Nation's needs.

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Nation's Business

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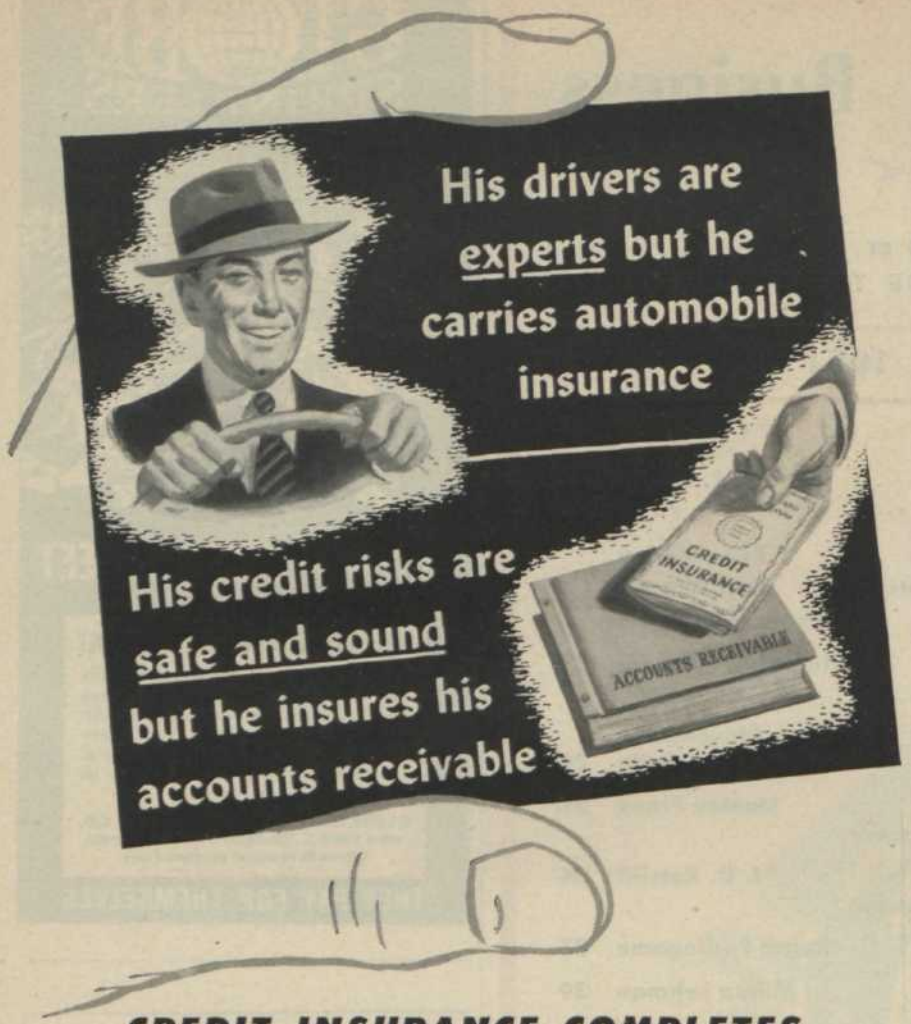
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THE MAGAZINE business is, in some respects, like any other. You look ahead and plan accordingly. We did that in the case of the new Congress. We knew there would be a story in it that would interest business men. With that thought in mind, we asked **HOLMES ALEXANDER**, an informed Washington newsman, to tell us what we could expect of the Eighty-second Congress and the men who will control it.

Alexander has come up with some of the answers to such sure-to-be-raised issues as Communism, labor, and welfare statism. While we are talking about Alexander and his story, we might explain here why we offer two stories by the same author. Put it down to coincidence. He and **JOSEPH R. SLEVIN** came into the office one day not long ago and offered us the story on Seth Richardson, "The Man Who's Hired to See Red." It was too good to pass up, so we bought it. It was too good to hold out until a later issue, so we ran both of them in this issue.

LEST you believe that all article ideas spring from lengthy editorial conferences where the only thing lacking is a crystal ball, listen to how we got **M. R. WERNER'S** story that appears on page 43. One day, while talking with Werner, he said he'd like to do a piece on the thriving lecture business. It sounded good, so we said, "O.K." It was as simple as that.

Werner is a New Yorker, went to Columbia University School of Journalism. His first newspaper job was the traditional cub's—obit editor. Out of that came the idea to write books about the deceased personalities, such as P. T. Barnum, Brigham Young, and William Jennings Bryan. Then Werner wrote another book that was called "Little Napoleons and Dummy Directors," an account of the rise and fall of the Bank of the United

States in New York in 1931. It came out in March, 1933, the week the banks closed, which seemed to the publisher a smart promotion stunt. The only trouble was, says Werner, "nobody had any money to buy books or anything else."

For many years Werner has been a contributor to *The New Yorker*, doing Reporter at Large and That Was New York material. In his so-called spare time, he is New York correspondent for the Yorkshire *Post* of Leeds, England, and for two years wrote a Report from America for the European edition of the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

Werner, married, still makes his home in Manhattan, with occasional brief sojourns to Cape Cod. To Werner, strictly a city man, the country is a dangerous place.

EVERY so often N.B.'s editors take to the field on a talent hunt—new writers and subjects for future articles being the aim. It was on one such junket to New York that two young men arrived at our hotel about the same time to talk over potential assignments. Quite by coincidence, we had brought together the sons of two of the most famed of American humorists: John Lardner, son of the renowned Ring, and **NATHANIEL BENCHLEY**, son of the equally noted Robert. We carried a sketch on John Lardner last fall in connection with a football prophet piece he did for us. So it's Benchley, whose short story appears on page 40, who moves into the spotlight this time.



BLACKSTONE STUDIOS

Nate Benchley was born in Newton, Mass., 35 years ago, and moved to the New York area shortly thereafter. He went back to Massachusetts when it came college time, being graduated from Harvard in 1938. He came out with a Bachelor of Science degree, despite majoring in English, because, as he says, "I only had credit for two years of Latin."

For a couple of years after leaving Harvard, Benchley was a reporter on the New York *Herald-Tribune*, then spent four more in the Navy. Then came a short-lived job with a weekly news magazine, after which he decided it was time to try free-lance writing. He started with short stories and is still doing them.

As for his home life, here's a bit of the original Benchley: "I'm married, have two children and an



"I FIGURE MY COMMUTATION TICKET COST ME $5,000!"

HIS agitated appearance belied the resignation in his voice; tiny beads of perspiration dotted his lips and forehead as he talked:

"It was just a year ago," he said, "when I clipped the Alexander Hamilton coupon. I had moved to the suburbs, and planned to study your course while commuting to and from the city. I wanted to get a really worthwhile background in all phases of business. Not just marketing—my own specialty—but also accounting, finance, production.

"I knew I was moving up at the office. Fast. Knew the day would come when something really big would open up. And I was one guy who was going to be ready for it!

"I never mailed that coupon. Can't recall why; combination of things, I guess. Got to playing bridge and spending hours on the sport pages . . . gabbing with the boys on the train.

"And then, yesterday, it happened. The break I had foreseen so clearly finally came. You know the rest. I simply didn't measure up — didn't have the all around business knowledge to qualify.

"You might say my commutation ticket cost me $5,000!"

This man's story, dramatic and unusual as it may seem to you, is neither dramatic nor unusual. Our files bulge with letters from men who are pathetic victims of their own indecision. Some fail to act until the years are beyond recall; others, the fortunate ones, are shocked into action while time is still on their side.

Make no mistake about it. Success in business demands concentration and hard work. If you recognize that fact, and if you are genuinely ambitious, the Alexander Hamilton Institute can help you. It can supply experienced guidance, and a practical executive-training program for completion in your spare time.

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Men who seek—not miracles—but a realistic approach to their business problems are invited to sign and return the coupon below. They will be sent a stimulating little book called "Forging Ahead in Business" which describes the Institute's program fully.

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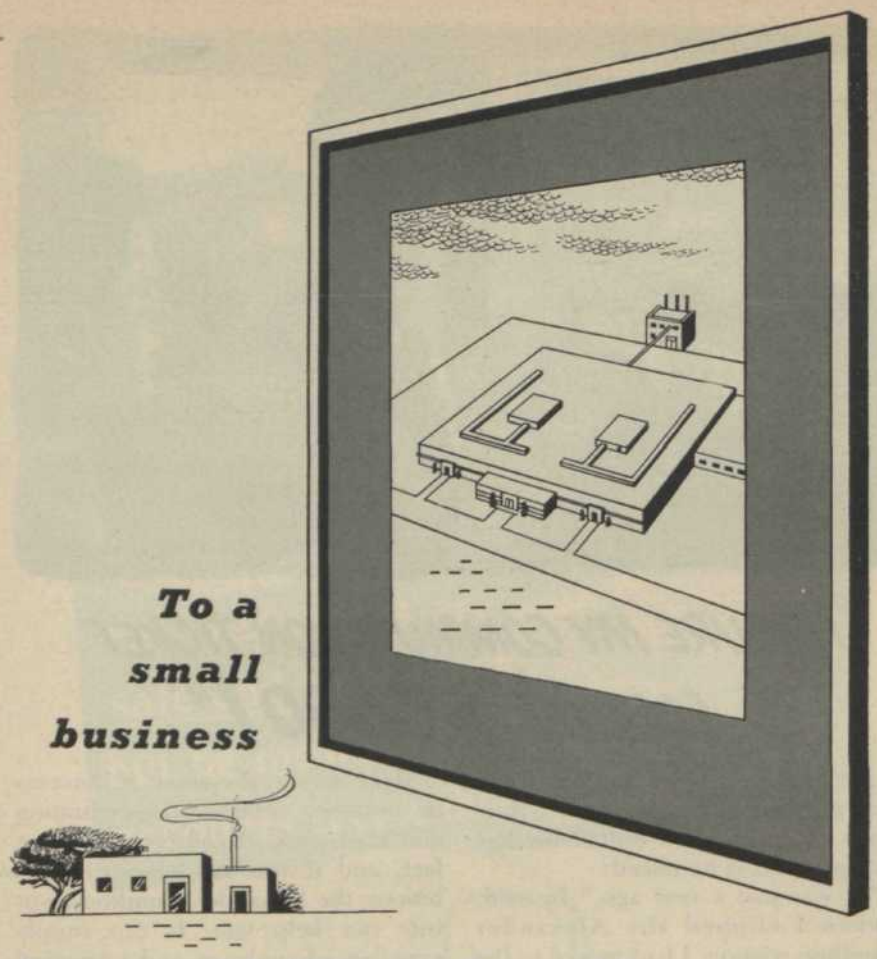
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WHERE RESOURCES AND MARKETS MEET

intelligent dog. My hobby is going to saloons where, I tell myself, I get good ideas for stories."

WHILE the **J. D. RATCLIFF** article covering the predictions of Raymond Holder Wheeler was in the hands of the Art Department, we wired Dr. Wheeler for additional information to go with the layout. His reply not only contained the material we wanted, but some observations we feel are of more than passing interest — mainly because they indicate that Mother Nature can miscue once in a while herself.

We refer to Dr. Wheeler's concern over the possible fate of the birds, flowers, fishes and people that have been moving north lately because the earth has been getting warmer. "They're in for a rude shock," he predicts. "Winters all over the world are getting more severe, gradually. Last year it snowed in Malta and Palestine. MacMillan found more ice this summer off northern Labrador than he had observed in many years. Growing seasons are becoming shorter. And with decreasing temperatures the world is getting drier, so that we are heading into serious droughts as well."

Not a very roseate picture, but at least we—people, that is—can't say we weren't warned.

THE SCENE on this month's cover, painted by **ROBERT RIGGS**, is repeated four times daily, with only slight variation, at some 150 U. S. Weather Bureau stations around the country. The pilot balloon observations which the two men are making will be used to determine wind speed and direction at different altitudes—important ingredients, the weather man told us, in making up the daily forecasts.



When one man releases the free balloon, the other picks it up in his theodolite (an instrument somewhat like a surveyor's transit) and observes its path—taking readings every minute until the balloon has passed from sight. The information thus obtained is plotted on a board and the wind data at selected heights are computed. The results are coded and passed on to all forecast centers for entry on the daily upper air weather maps.

Incidentally, the balloon's color is determined by the condition of the sky. The one giving the greatest visibility on the particular day is used.

MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

WAR BRINGS panic.

To persons, to lawmakers, to governments.

You'll find a measure of panic in nearly everything they do—particularly in things they do while the outlook is black.

Take a look at Congress. When Chinese Reds ripped into U. S. troops in Korea the House passed an excess profits tax bill.

Vote was 375 to 20. That vote shows panic. It discloses an emotional urge to do something—anything—to help defense.

Ten days earlier (when U. S. soldiers were advancing rapidly) that same tax bill hadn't a chance of passage.

It was a bill to siphon off abnormal profits derived from war production.

Yet at the time of the vote abnormal war production just wasn't there. Its level was the same as it was a year ago.

That vote revealed a jittery Congress —a body of Americans reacting to bad war news by striking out blindly to help.

That's a sample of what you can expect from your Government. It's the kind of thing you might do if you were here. Anything can happen when war news is bad.

PRICE INCREASES are on the way—straight across the board.

They'll come steadily as new goods replace those on the shelves. And they'll be accompanied by a rising howl for controls.

Average price rise in wholesale commodities—now being translated into higher retail price tags—has been 9 per cent in last six months. That's average on list of 900 items.

But rise in the basic group—most widely used industrial raw materials, grains, textiles—has been 30 per cent in same period.

Merchants who see unit sales dropping while higher prices keep dollar-measured volume even or up slightly aren't happy over spring's prospects.

They're afraid customers will look at the price tags, and do without.

Retail prices on men's shirts, suits, shoes, other furnishings will be up 10 to 20 per cent.

Women's clothing will take same jump, but some of it will be hidden in "new" style lines.

Just about anything else you buy will go along up.

Big buyers in wholesale markets are going easy, buying lightly, waiting until they test markets on new higher levels.

But light buying won't chip prices. Scarcity of wool, cotton, higher costs of labor and materials that go into hard goods, will hold up price structure in anything less than a buyers' strike.

That's the pattern without price controls. With controls, same pattern. Only a more tortuous, slower route.

YOU CAN EXPECT greater—not less—cost as volume rises.

Extra demand overlaid on an already full production job means added costs.

It takes incentive to get out the extra units—whether these are in form of government bonus for ore from marginal mines or overtime payments in your own shop.

FIGURE OUT where you fit in a war.

Don't concentrate so completely on direct war effort that you overlook the civilian front.

It's bigger. At peak of World War II more than 60 per cent of U. S. production was for civilians.

In any war so far experienced or planned 90 per cent of the population stays at home.

Its work is much like the work it does at any other time. That population eats, sleeps, rides trolley cars, dies, wears out clothing, housing, equipment, and is born.

Those who supply the services also must be supplied.

SMART STEEL users are redesigning their products.

They'll save money as well as steel on new models being rushed along drawing boards.

Take a closer look, apply latest structural theories, joining methods, to your metal products.

You may come up with a better product —and get a far better spread of the steel you are able to get.

Cleveland maker of a tool used widely

MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

both in defense and civilian fields has redesigned model coming up that uses 25 per cent less steel. And cost savings almost will match that figure.

It's to be no "war model," but an improvement over the currently produced tool.

CONSTRUCTION INDUSTRY will have little trouble financing 800,000 family units this year.

Credit restrictions outlined in Regulation X were designed to limit home building to that figure.

Construction men said X cut too deeply, would result in building total far below 800,000 figure.

But survey shows today's backlog held by builders includes nearly 400,000 single and multifamily units to which X does not apply.

These are buildings for which financing commitments were made by FHA, VA, other agencies before X took effect.

With that much of a head start there's good chance 800,000 level will be passed.

Compared with 1950 level, 800,000 units is a 40 per cent cutback.

FINANCE COMPANIES—hard hit by Regulation W, limiting time payments on autos, appliances—have more money than they know what to do with.

Incoming payments on contracts made when autos were financed for 24 months or longer accumulate in banks.

Not so much is going out on current 15-month contracts. And what does go out comes back sooner.

Shorter insurance periods on the limited credit span also pinch finance houses. Most of the big ones own their own insurance companies.

So the firms that finance autos are looking for other places to put their money to work.

They were just completing disposal of World War II production investments when Regulation W came along, sent them back into war plant field.

PROTECTION OF PLANT workers from bombing at the plant is management's baby.

Federal Government has no plans for sheltering them.

Communal-type shelters sponsored by Washington (which wants states, cities to match $1,250,000,000 to build them) are for general public.

Government also expects each factory to work out its own fire control, other bomb damage emergency systems.

Note: Civilian Defense lists 250 U. S. target areas. They contain 50,000,000 persons.

REMEMBER BRACKET RACKET of World War II?

Came into being under War Labor Board regulation authorizing pay raises to top of bracket for any given job. It resulted in everyone going to the top of his job bracket.

You're less likely to see the bracket racket this time. Present Wage Stabilization Board is empowered to stabilize earnings, not just wage rates.

Earnings include overtime, incentives, fringe benefits—all used to provide pay raises during World War II.

But there's little chance that today's WSB will be much more effective than yesterday's WLB.

Present board is directed to stabilize earnings, which doesn't mean it must hold them down. Probably will attempt to keep them in proportion to living costs.

As to the record—average weekly earnings when WLB took over in 1942 were $36.65.

By 1944 average weekly earnings had jumped to $46.08. That's a 28 per cent rise.

APPOINTMENT of Michael V. DiSalle as price stabilization director leads to belief that Toledo plan may be sponsored by Government.

As mayor of Toledo, DiSalle took active part in labor-industry committee plan for settling labor disputes.

His present job is prices. But he reports to Dr. Alan Valentine, economic stabilizer, who also is interested in wages.

U. S. BUSINESS is based on planning. Looking ahead—that's what top executives are paid for—not for daily chores.

Their job is tougher now than it's ever been.

Take head of a shoe chain, for example. He's got to decide now what type of women's shoes are to be ordered for next summer's sales.

Light weight, highly styled shoes would be the ticket under ordinary circumstances.

But if shoes are to be rationed by

next summer women wouldn't buy that kind. They'd want only practical, lasting shoes.

Executive pondered that one. Then ordered the heavier, practical shoes.

TAKES TIME to fill materials pipelines.

Don't overlook that point when you're wondering why planes, tanks, freight cars, guns are not being turned out at a faster clip.

Let's look at freight car situation—

Last fall Defense Transportation Administration made studies, applied to National Production Authority for allocation of steel to make 10,000 freight cars monthly.

On Oct. 26 NPA issued allocation order effective in first quarter of '51.

But it's doubtful that manufacturers will turn out enough freight cars this month to replace 6,000 worn-out cars being scrapped.

It will be April, possibly May, before 10,000-cars-a-month schedule is met.

Does this mean allocation system has failed, never was any good?

Not necessarily.

Here's how it works—After NPA issued allocation order it called in steel men, told them what it wanted.

They set up schedules to supply the necessary steel—in bars and billets—starting Jan. 1.

It goes first to plants that make parts assembled into freight cars.

Manufacturing the steel, shipping, fabricating, reshipping and car building all takes time.

That's called lag between initial allocation and product completion. In freight cars it's about 90 days.

Lag is longer on more complicated products—or on those for which adequate manufacturing facilities don't exist.

HIGH TAXES slow bids on defense projects.

Here's example—

Business man experienced in the line was invited by government agency to bid on defense project.

Government was to furnish publicly owned plant. Bidder computed necessary working capital at $400,000.

Loss probability was strong, taxes in case of profit were high, so business man figured bid accordingly.

He computed his top profit potential at $243,327. Then, with counsel he computed taxes—in case he made that much profit. He found—

Federal corporation income tax at 45 per cent would take $109,497.

MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

State corporate income tax would be $13,990.

Excess profits tax estimated at 75 per cent on the remainder, would come to $89,880.

This would leave corporation profit after taxes at $29,960.

He decided that wasn't worth the risk on $400,000. So he filed his bid—in his own wastebasket.

FINAL FIGURES may show that U. S. cash and carry exports were lower than imports during 1950.

That's after eliminating giveaway exports. In only three years since 1875 have U. S. imports been greater than exports.

And just three years ago our export surplus (including giveaway) averaged $1,000,000,000 a month.

Of immediate significance in this reversal of trend is elimination of the serious dollar shortages that restricted world trade a year ago.

Prices, not volume, caused change.

Figures compiled by U. S. Chamber of Commerce show that in 10 years coffee imports rose less than 50 per cent.

But in the same period dollars paid for coffee imports jumped 400 per cent.

During same 10 years sugar import volume went up 25 per cent while dollars sent to pay for it rose 200 per cent.

Cocoa import dropped by 5 per cent but dollars shipped out to buy it rose from $27,613,000 to $124,497,000.

Those prices thicken folds of U. S. dollars in foreign pants pockets.

BRIEFS: Builders urge Government to gather "prenatal" statistics on construction outlook, to throw more light on what's coming. . . . U. S. has 16,600,000 bales of cotton on hand. Compares with 24,300,000 when World War II started. . . . New York gem dealers report "phenomenal" business in big diamonds—from inflation hedgers. . . . The dollar's no longer reliable as a measure, says Army—it shrinks too fast. So Army prepares to budget its tanks, guns, socks and such in units, not dollars. . . . Aluminum cutback order worries bus builders. If they replace it with heavier material their buses will exceed highway load limits. . . .



CRAFTSMAN & PURVEYOR OF FINE FURNITURE WROT OF STEEL; WHO ALSO DELIVERS OF HIS THOUGHTS ON MANY ANOTHER TOPIC

Dec. 6th—When first persuaded that this, my poor Diary, should appear in Publick Print, I was afeard lest it be of little interest. Then was I rebuffed with the comment that All Men & Women like noughte so much as the Personall Affairs of Others. So, with a measure of Humility, let it be said that should there be a Paucity of interest, I Hope there be none in Intelligence.

Dec. 8th—My Chyrurgeon warns me of the Dangers of overeating. A Difficult warning to Heed, this, because as one ages, Eating becomes one of the few remaining Pleasures.

Dec. 16th—To the office, there to ponder that the Good state of my trade hath a Bad side. Small satisfaction do I find in our workshops being so far behind in Deliveries. If this my Worthy Patrons can not forbear, may I suggest they seek my Competitors; most are Good People & make Good Products.

Dec. 18th—Witnessed an exhibition of the revived Ballroom exercise known as the Charleston. This tempestuous Minuet augurs a boon for the Physicians & Bone-setter's Trade.

Dec. 21st—Mr. Steve Kay, a good Chair Bender in my Employe, announces the Arrival of the 11th Child. Volume production seems Inherent with Our Steve.

Dec. 23rd—Much business did we receive Today from various divisions of General Motors. Beyond producing Good Cars they also produce a Good feeling in their pleasant Business relationships.

Dec. 24th—A volume on pre-natal psychological Influences is enjoying great Vogue. I find it not easy to adjust my Thinking to its tenor.

Dec. 26th—I, at my club, seated all evening, gave Thanks again for the Comforts of the Upholstered Bridge Chair, an original invention of Mine of many years ago truly mothered by Necessity. Methought what I failed to Devise was an antidote for recurring pains in the same Region that result from partners' erratic bids.

Dec. 27th—Especially grateful am I that Customers continue to find my small Booklet labelled "A Guide to Interior Design" apt Counsel in matters of good Arrangement in their own Shoppes and Offices. A clean Facsimile is gladly yours upon receipt of your Request.

Dec. 30th—Thus ends this year, but with ill-comfort for My Dear Nephew, who has over a year lain abed in an Iron Lung, a victim of Polio. Next monthe, I do beseech all to support that Highly Excellent Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. No praise that I know equals their Great Helpe.

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By My Way



R. L. DUFFUS

Lost umbrellas

IT HAS been discovered that the number of feminine umbrellas lost (or found, depending on how you look at it) in the New York subways is ten times as great as the number of male umbrellas. I do not know the comparable figures for other means of transportation, such as buses, taxis, horse-drawn cabs, roller skates, bicycles and feet. Many persons will jump to the conclusion that women are more careless than men. I can offer at least two other theories: 1. fewer men carry umbrellas in subways, because, after all, it doesn't rain there; 2. some men can't find their own umbrellas when they leave home in a hurry and so go off with their wives' umbrellas; they are then embarrassed and leave them on purpose. But if women do forget umbrellas out of all proportion to their numbers the reason may be that women carry handbags. They know, as they get up (or, more commonly, just get off) that they are carrying *something*, and it does not occur to them until too late that it is not an umbrella. A man can concentrate on his umbrella because that is usually all he is carrying, because, as a rule, he has forgotten to pick up the parcel which his wife had asked him to get and bring home. Personally, I am in no position to be critical, for, though I have never lost an umbrella in a subway, I have lost umbrellas in practically every state in the union.

Man the unique

I SUPPOSE man is the only animal that worries as to whether or not he is putting on weight. And the only animal that voluntarily goes on a diet.

Music and politics

LAURITZ MELCHIOR, himself a tenor of no mean rank, suggests a secretary of arts and sciences, with cabinet rank, "lest good music die in this country." I don't know whether or not this is the way to do it. But I am rather intrigued by the thought of a national political campaign in which one major party would come out strong for classical compositions and the good old songs we used to sing when we were all young, whereas the other would be beating the drums and tooting the horns for jazz.

International whaling

DOWN in the Antarctic this winter (only I suppose it will be summer there) is a fleet of whalers of truly international proportions. Its crews, as a dispatch from Kiel stated, are German; it is financed



by money borrowed in the United States and it flies the flag of Panama. I don't know what flags the whales are flying but I imagine they will surrender without a fuss when they realize what they have to face.

Speaking of fashions

MY WIFE took me to a fashion show the other day, and though I would be a hypocrite if I said I didn't enjoy seeing pretty girls walking around in their best clothes, my mind went back to one of my favorite theories. This is that if no woman took any trouble to make herself any prettier than Nature intended the competitive situation among women would be just what it is today. But there is no danger that this will happen. I could see this right away as I studied the situation at the fashion show. Meanwhile I am informed that men have fashions, too; I can buy myself a suit in Malibu blue,

Mojave tan and Pacific mist, according to a report from Los Angeles. At my age I shall not do so but I could if I wanted to. This is a free country for both sexes and all ages.

British bird crisis

I HAVE commented previously on the serious situation that has been produced in Britain by a sudden wave of paper-tearing among birds—not just blue tits, as at first believed, but also jackdaws, bullfinches, magpies and red-legged partridges. Col. Logan Home, a Scottish laird who has been looking into the matter, told the British Trust for Ornithology not long ago that prior to 1949 cases of this avicular paper-tearing had been like early election returns, scattered and incomplete, but that in that year thousands of instances were reported. I don't know the record for 1950 but I do hope that 1951 will see a return to sanity among birds and that the practice will not spread to this country. It is all very well to say that birds are cute—they are. But when they take the caps off milk bottles and chew up books, magazines, newspapers and, for all I know, personal letters, as these British birds did, it is time to call a halt. I hate to imagine the bleak future for this republic if our own robins, starlings, catbirds and blue jays (you can't trust a blue jay, anyhow, as things are now) got such ideas into their heads.

Real smoke, too

SOME LUCKY American youngsters received for a Christmas present an electric train, complete with caboose, with an engine that puffed real smoke. I like the idea—efficiency and romance combined. I didn't get one. It would perhaps have embarrassed me when my sedate and thoughtful friends dropped in to discuss world affairs and whither are we drifting. But I am looking forward to my second childhood—I'll have one of those toys then or know the reason why.

Just a milk run

A MAN who had been to the North Pole and back used to be a novelty. He could lecture and charge admission. This is no longer so. Last fall the 375th Weather Reconnaissance Squadron got a little notice because it had completed 375 flights across the point which Admiral Peary took so much trouble to reach, but even M. Sgt. Ennis A.

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Hibrant, who had been on 40 of those flights, didn't have any ticker tape thrown at him. However, the magnetic pole keeps moving around and is hard to find. Science will probably not be satisfied until an expedition goes down to find it. A little mystery remains in our geography books—not much, but a little. To see something really new we will have to visit the dark side of the moon—which personally I would rather not do.

Thanks, no space ship

CLOSE to 20,000 persons have signed reservation blanks at the Hayden Planetarium in New York City for an interplanetary rocket trip. Some details have to be worked out before the trip starts. In the first place, 20,000 persons can't get into an interplanetary rocket. In the second place, there is no interplanetary rocket, though



I do not put it beyond the human race to invent and use one before another century has whizzed by. Personally, I have not made any reservation and shall not do so until some of the bugs in interplanetary travel have been extricated. Planets look very fine from where we are, but while I can still go to California or Florida I am not too much tempted by Mercury, which is thought to have a temperature of 343 above zero, and up; Venus, which may run (so says Sir James Jeans) about 90 degrees hotter than the earth; Pluto, which may go as low as 380 degrees below zero; or even Mars, which near the equator may reach 60 degrees at noon but is likely to fall to 40 below after sundown. Besides, I like atmosphere—I am accustomed to it—and most of the planets have little or none. No, I think I shall let others go on these trips, and I shall be contented to read about them in the newspapers. I shall travel more modestly. I haven't seen Denmark yet, or Australia, or Greece. I say, know your own planet first, then, if you wish, visit others.

Infrared noses

A LONDON dispatch says that Stella Mayne of Reading University has been trying to unravel the age-old riddle of the mechanism by which we recognize smells. She says (and I quote the United Press, which I hope won't mind): "There is a theory around, which we plan to investigate, that our noses transmit infrared rays which are selectively absorbed by the odorous material and our perceptors then message the brain." This may account for some infrared noses. As for myself, I am going right out and get a common cold, because I do not care to have all those monkeyshines going on inside me when all I want is to know whether or not my morning coffee is ready.

The new Congress

AFTER a careful study of the November election returns I am able to predict with confidence that some people will like the Eighty-second Congress, some won't like it, some will have mixed opinions and some will be more interested in baseball. My personal opinion, in case anyone cares, is that a nation which has survived eighty-one Congresses can survive eighty-one more and that in the course of the next 162 years there will be Congresses to suit every taste.

The perfect car

WE HAVE traded in our old car for a newer one which has no clutch pedal, and my left foot, with practically nothing to do, is putting on weight. And now let's see if somebody won't invent a car that not only has no clutch pedal but will stop of its own volition at red lights and refuse to pass other cars on blind curves.

The baby sitting art

TRAINING courses for baby sitters are being set up around the country, and in Duluth there is a public-spirited agency known as the Baby Sitters Council. Obviously a new profession is coming into existence, and if the nation's babies are to be well looked after this profession must have standards and a technique. When I was occasionally a baby sitter during my college days the art was, as I might say, in its infancy. My success, such as it was, was due to a policy I had of reaching an agreement with the child early in the evening. If the young hopeful wouldn't break windows or furniture and wouldn't play with matches I, on my part, would overlook small errors, such as refusing to go to sleep or demanding unnecessary drinks of water. The real change is, of course, that parents

of babies and small fry now go out in the evening, whereas in the old days they stayed at home. I am referring, needless to say, to the poor



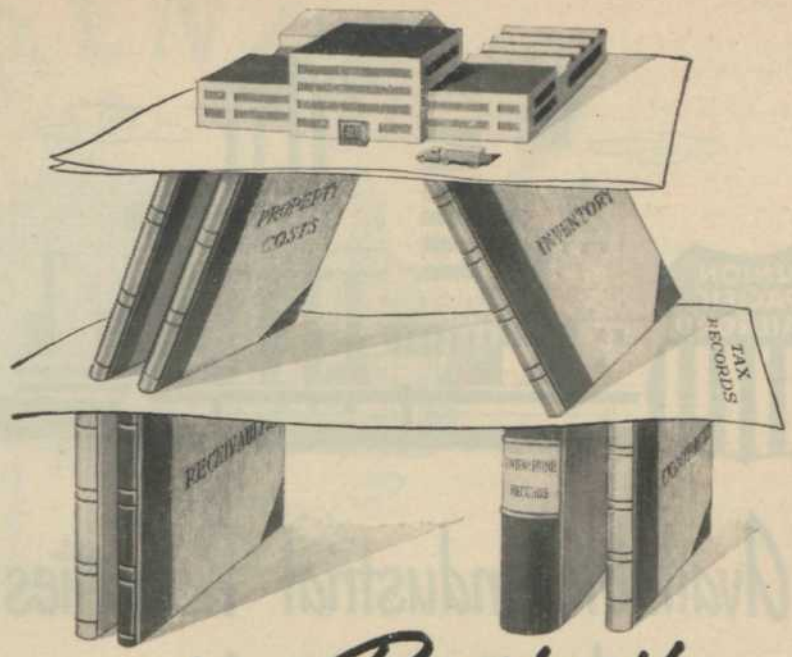
but respectable parents, not to the affluent who were able to afford a hired girl. The baby sitter represents a rise in the standard of living. Long may she—or he—wave!

New houses, and old

THERE ARE a lot of new houses in my part of southwestern Connecticut. Some are quite big—indeed, I often wonder how the lady of the manor ever gets her dusting done. Most are on the small side, and many of these are occupied by youngish persons who seem to be engaged in getting slowly ahead in the world and adding to the population. In season they garden and out of season they shovel snow and things like that and give the impression that happy family life is not extinct—at least in this fraction of one state. We also have many old houses, some dating back to before the Revolutionary War. It is hard to bear in mind that they were not always old. Once they smelled of fresh-sawed lumber and wet plaster, and the original owners were probably youngish persons getting ahead in the world and raising children — more children, as a rule, than are raised per family today. All this gives me a feeling of continuity, of a close relationship between past and present. Houses change. Ways of living change. Electricity heats us and cools us, lights us and cooks for us, tells us the news and sweeps for us. But the essentials stay the same.

Back to the land

LAST FALL they were running "Cornhusker Special" trains up into Connecticut from New York City. This was a good thing, I am sure, because a lot of urban citizens who had never previously suspected that corn had husks learned better. Husking corn is fun, too, especially if you are in your teens and there are members of the opposite sex present. (I refer to husking by hand; there are machines that will gladly do it, but they are not romantic.) City folks,



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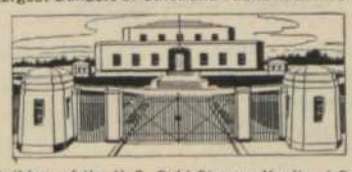
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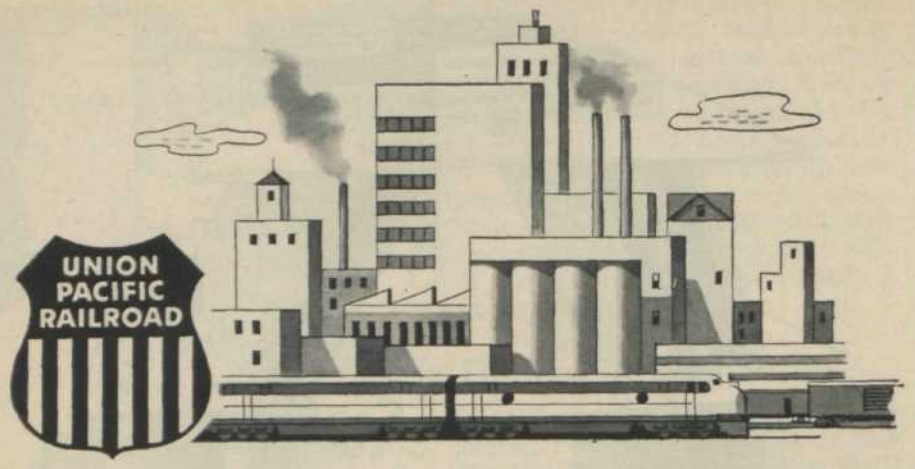
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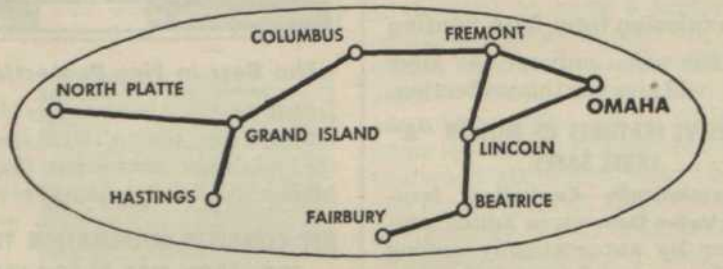


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I believe, also ride into the country on bicycle trains—de-training and en-bicycling at appropriate rural spots. Then there are ski trains, by the aid of which a person can, in a single weekend in winter, spend glorious hours out of doors, make new friends and acquire bruises and contusions enough to last him until at least the following Friday night, when he can do it all over again. There are endless possibilities — apple-picking trains, which I think have been tried; blackberrying and blueberrying trains, and so on. The only danger is that country life might prove so attractive the city visitors might refuse to go home.

And so—happy days!

IF TWO Americans had been discussing things in general on Jan. 1, 1851 (and I am sure at least two were doing this) they would have remarked on how time flies, and how it seemed only yesterday; one would have said he had sworn off smoking (though it would have been cigars or a pipe rather than cigarettes) and the other would have smiled knowingly; one would have observed that the winters weren't as cold as they used to be, and the other would have replied that many things had changed, mostly for the worse, and he didn't know what the world was coming to; and then, according to age, they would have agreed that 1831 or 1821 or 1811 or 1801 were good times to be alive, because on one or more of those dates the old virtues still persisted and only statesmen went to Congress and you could get a square meal for five or ten cents and a man's word was as good as his bond and young people knew how to behave themselves and didn't stay out late and make their parents worry and good cooking was still common.

Something like this was indicated as a set of topics for at least two Americans, and probably more, in January, 1951. A century has rolled by but the tendency to look back and lament, to look ahead and aspire, to be dissatisfied with the present, has not rolled anywhere.

I do not mind. I like to think that what occurs to most of us at the beginning of each new year will occur to most of our descendants in January, 2051, as it did to our ancestors in January, 1851.

We are linked with the past and with the future. We are the animal that regrets and hopes. This year may all the regrets be forgotten and all the hopes come true. In short, a happy New Year!



The State of the Nation



Felix Morley

THE Eighty-second Congress, now convening in Washington, is destined to be historic, for good or evil. That is one prediction that can be made with almost absolute certainty.

During the next two years —the term of the incoming Congress—the world picture may develop in any one of three, but only three, directions. It may deteriorate into open, atomic war with Russia. It may see a turn toward conservative settlement, inaugurating an era of genuine peace. Alternatively, the present condition of bitter but restrained antagonism may continue and intensify.

Broadly speaking, these are the only possibilities. And in each of the three contrasting lines of development it is clear that the preservation of representative government will largely depend on the quality of the leadership in Congress.

If there should be full-scale fighting, the consequent necessity for centralized executive power could threaten the very survival of Congress as an independent arm of Government. In the event of a stabilized peace, the necessary contraction of an Administration, and of an economy, now geared for war will demand the nicest legislative judgment.

If we remain in the darkening twilight zone between war and peace, Congress will have to steer continuously between Scylla and Charybdis. On the one hand, then, there exists the risk that the legislature will become a mere rubber stamp, like the Fascist, Nazi, or Soviet parliaments. On the other hand, there remains the risk of denying to the executive powers it really needs to cope with a continuing emergency.

• • •

Both the difficulties and the advantages in this uncomfortable situation are emphasized by the composition of the new Congress.

On paper, the Administration has a small but adequate majority of two seats in the Senate; 35 in the House. But actually the President lacks effective control. Even in the preceding Congress the Fair Deal could make little headway against the informal coalition of Republicans and southern Democrats. Now Mr. Truman is completely stymied. A careful study of individuals indicates that at most not more than 37 senators and 186 representatives are in any way disposed to follow the Truman party line as heretofore charted. That support is wholly inadequate, in a Senate with 96, a House with 435, members.

The coalition opposed to the President, however, is fluid in character and divided in outlook. The southern Democrats are not disposed to endorse the sharp Republican criticisms of foreign policy. And few Republicans support the bitter southern antagonism to "civil rights." Because of the magnitude of the G.O.P. victories

Nov. 7, there will be less, rather than more, Republican inclination to bargain with southern dissenters. Senator Taft, for instance, feels strong in his own right.

In short, the President has lost the power to dictate, which is all to the good. But he preserves the power to maneuver; to rule by dividing his opposition. If Mr. Truman can no longer command, he can still guide and steer—which in skillful political hands is no mean asset.

• • •

To the men who wrote the Constitution, this would have seemed the ideal situation. They feared and hated coercion by any arm of government, and therefore sought a political system under which the rule of enlightened reason could always dominate. To that end they established a government of balanced powers — balanced both among federal and state governments, and among the executive, legislative and judicial branches in these concurrent governments.

Throughout the decades, the balance between local and central government has become heavily weighted in favor of the latter. And within the federal organization the executive in recent years has been strengthened enormously at the expense of both legislative and judicial independence. Now, by the will of the people, the centralizing process is checked, if not reversed. The Eighty-second Congress has a clear mandate to assert itself against the executive.



But this mandate must be exercized cautiously, unless the country as well as its Chief Executive is to suffer. And anyone who thinks that this is the time to rub salt in Mr. Truman's political abrasions would do well to reread Numbers 37 to 51, inclusive, of the *Federalist Papers*. All of these immortal essays are concerned with the philosophy, and the delicacy, of our system of checks and balances. And all this careful thought leads up to Madison's memorable conclusion that:

> It is of great importance in a Republic not only to guard the society against the oppression of its rulers, but to guard one part of the society against the injustice of the other part.

• • •

For 18 years now the United States has been governed by a single party, which has sought consistently and successfully to concentrate power in the executive arm of the federal Government. The phenomenal growth of Washington during these years is only the outward reflection of this political trend.

The trend has gone so far that the Administration has come to regard it as ordained. That is indicated by official intolerance of reasonable criticism and, most notably, by Mr. Truman's condemnation of the Eightieth Congress as "do nothing." The assumption seems to be that if Congress fails to add more and more power to the already swollen authority of Washington, the country will somehow suffer. Actually, there is ample evidence, both theoretical and practical, for the conclusion that the people of this country can accomplish most with the least interference on the part of the central Government.

Lately the Administration has gone even further—to demand that Congress should sign blank checks which the President may fill out at his complete discretion, both as to sums and dates. The current Gray Report, on *Foreign Economic Policy*, boldly asserts: "It is important that legislative action be designed to permit advance planning by the executive branch. . . ." This is a suggestion that one Congress should bind the actions of its successor, which is nothing less than a denial of representative government and an affirmation of dictatorship.

Advance planning by the Executive in recent years has not been of a character to inspire confidence. It was this unscrutinized planning that destroyed Germany as a barrier against Russia in Europe; that turned China over to Communist control in Asia. Most of our appalling problems today are directly traceable to bad executive judgment which went unmodified by constructive congressional criticism. Moreover, the Constitution specifically divides responsibility for foreign policy between the legislative and executive branches of our Government.

The new Congress, therefore, is most unlikely to accept the imperious will of the Executive. If Mr. Truman tries to crack the whip it is more likely to jump on him than for him. So it may be hoped that the President will realize that this office is not that of a dictator—that he will happily cease to demand "examination of the heads" of those who differ from his thinking.

Such moderation is the more important because, under our balanced system, there must be cooperation between the President and Congress. There will be no gain for this country, nor for the others that depend on us, if the pendulum should now swing sharply from executive dictation to legislative obstruction.

The golden mean lies between the excesses of either side. And the Eighty-second Congress will stand out as one of the best in history, if, rising above resentments, it will now concentrate on finding that middle path. —FELIX MORLEY



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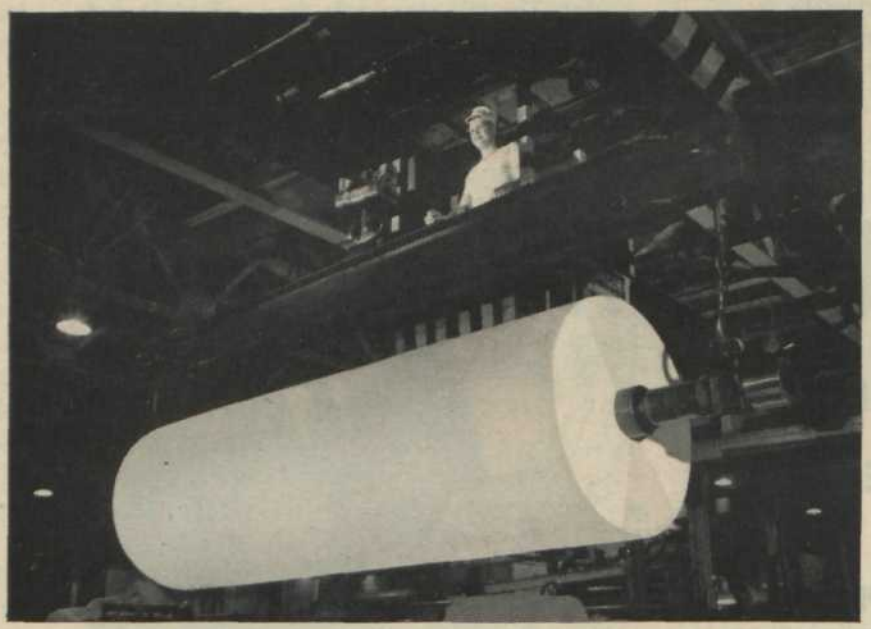
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The Month's Business Highlights



Paul Wooton

AMERICA is now facing a gruesome prospect, as this is written. World War III may be near at hand. If it comes it will be a war of survival. Most of the problems that worry us now would become secondary. Profits or wage rates would not be important if the Reds win. Assuming, however, that an all-out war can be avoided there is no reason to think the cold war will end. A costly military burden will have to be borne for an indefinite period. This means that production will have to be increased and civilian consumption reduced. Production will increase slowly because existing plants are close to capacity level.

Greater efficiency is not achieved in a hurry. Expansion in output may not greatly exceed the growth in population. The conclusion is inescapable. The level of everyday comfort will have to be lowered. The problem in this process is to reduce inequities to the minimum. Taxes are a burden, but when levied carefully most inequities can be eliminated. Inflation is a type of tax that disregards ability to pay. It hits hardest the weak and the thrifty and misses many of the rich and the extravagant. It is wasteful and injurious in a dozen ways, but since it is apparent that not enough taxes will be levied to cover the needs, inflation is certain to continue.

There is the hope that substantially more in the way of taxes will be raised. When added to savings the total may be enough to prevent inflation of the runaway variety. Taxes, however, must be imposed with due regard to what the economy will stand without damping initiative. Substantial increases in individual income taxes seem possible, particularly in the brackets which benefited by separate returns. Increased excise taxes on luxury and comfort goods will be relied on to reduce production in those fields for the benefit of military output. Higher taxes, across the board applying to all corporations, promise more in returns and less in inequities than do excess profits taxes.

By increasing interest rates and by maintaining the purchasing power of the dollar, savings can be encouraged greatly. Serious consideration is being given to ultimate resort to compulsory savings. The Treasury finally took a realistic view of the market level of interest rates which indicates there will be more cooperation in the handling of fiscal and monetary policy. That can be an important force in reducing inflation. Banks now will be more inclined to hang on to their government securities and will have less for commercial loans. The Treasury must make up its mind to pay enough interest on its securities so they will sell without Federal Reserve support.

The added cost of carrying the national debt will not be great. Part of the increase will be saved in lower prices for goods the Government has to buy and part by the higher taxes paid by the recipients of the higher returns on their bonds. With the country's immense resources and in view of the high level of living a considerable tightening of the belt is possible without undue hardship.

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Business in 1951 is pent with emotion and sure to be good, war or no war. A problem is to keep it from being too good. Pressures in the direction of price rises are certain to continue in 1951. Even before government expenditures increase, the prospect of the incomes they will create and the shortages they will bring about will prompt anticipatory buying. Consumers have plenty of money. The problem is to reduce their buying power and to induce them to save as well as to hold on to present savings.

The automobile industry continues to provide new marvels to stud the pages of industrial history. Sales in 1950 were at a terrific pace. The third quarter saw sales reach the 7,500,000 rate. Despite credit restrictions and limitations on materials more automobiles were sold than in the last quarter of 1949. Contrast the 1950 showing with that of 1920 when sales were less than 2,000,000. They only reached 4,600,000 in the boom year of 1929.



While starts are fewer, housing completions in 1951 will continue at a high rate. Every house completed adds to the demand for furniture and other equipment.

Industries are operating so nearly at capacity that no decided jump in the

production index is expected. It will rise gradually but may not go above 235 at the end of the year. Airplanes, guns, and ships are not likely to be built in sufficient volume to allow attainment of the peak of 247 touched during World War II.

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Despite the high level of manufacturing production attained in 1950, the figure for 1951 will be much higher. Any loss that may result in conversion from consumer goods to war supplies and from materials shortages will be made up through enlarged labor forces and extended working hours. This is the outlook: fewer strikes; wage income up; bank loans up; prices up; freight carloadings up; construction down; cost of living up; wholesale prices up; consumer credit down.

Consumers added substantially to inflation and did themselves a great disservice by rushing into the market after Korea. The scramble for goods shot prices up and they have stayed up despite the letdown in demand. While the buying spree was short-lived it was the most spectacular in the history of American business. A nation-wide study has been made in an effort to analyze this unusual movement. It is expected to show that excessive private expenditures since Korea have contributed more to inflation than has the government deficit.



Retail sales jumped 20 per cent over the comparable two-month period in 1949. Sales of building materials increased 40 per cent. Industrial production as a whole in August, 1950, was 37 index points above August, 1949. Machinery output increased 65 points; automobiles, 44 points; cement, 35 points; lumber, 43 points; metals, 35 points; cotton consumption, 44 points. The most spectacular instance was the 104-point increase in rayon deliveries.

Department store sales in July and August jumped 50 index points over June. The buying spree was less pronounced in the north and east. It was most pronounced in the Kansas City economic area where July and August department store buying ran 101 points above the June rate. In the Dallas area the increase was 83 points with other areas following in this sequence: San Francisco, 71; St. Louis, 68; Atlanta, 62; Chicago, 54; Cleveland, 50; Minneapolis, 47; Richmond, 44; Philadelphia, 40; New York, 33; Boston, 27.

Economists are trying to figure out why the people in Kansas City, in the center of the continent, should have been more jittery than the people in exposed Boston. Possibly they had more of what it takes to buy—income, liquid assets and access to credit.

In comparing July and August of 1950 with July and August of 1949, Boston and New York again were at the bottom of the list insofar as increased department store buying was concerned, but in that comparison Dallas did the heaviest buying with Atlanta second, and Kansas City third. The order of the remaining districts is: San Francisco, Cleveland, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Chicago, Philadelphia and Richmond. The extent to which consumer credit policy and the intensity of competition are responsible for the wide variations in the pattern may be revealed by the buying splurge study.

• • •

Manufacturing again promises to become the chief source of individual income. In normal times trade and service provide more income than does manufacturing, farming, or government. In addition to wholesaling and retailing the "trade and service" classification includes such activities as professional services, repairing, amusements, hotels and restaurants. In 1949 (latest figures) that group was the source of 26.7 per cent of individual income. Next came manufacturing with 22.1 per cent. Income from government was 15.6 per cent. Agriculture provided eight per cent. The effect of the defense program will be to increase income from manufacturing and to reduce the amount from trade and service.

• • •

Controls and the defense program have hit the construction industry harder than any other. Sharp contraction of credit is No. 1 on the list. Difficulties in obtaining steel and steel products such as nails, pipes, and reinforcing bars constitute No. 2. Plumbing, heating and electrical equipment are tight. Shortages already are spreading to such items as roofing, wall panels, window frames and even awnings. Competition from defense industries is taking labor.

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The rate of take-off at the retail level for many items has not been commensurate with the output at the manufacturing level. This is an indication that too much speculative inventory accumulation is in progress.

Flight from taxes has benefited states and municipalities. Since July their tax-free bonds have been in demand on better terms than have been available for years.

—PAUL WOOTON

Washington Scenes



Edward T. Folliard

BEHIND its great iron fence and its reinforced police guard, the White House Executive Office is bright in the winter sunlight. A visitor, passing into the lobby, is struck by the absence of excitement. It is quiet, very quiet; but it is the quiet of a storm center.

Reporters lounge in the red-leather chairs, waiting to interview those who emerge from the President's office. The storm center is also a major news center. One day last month, as the Korean picture was growing darker by the hour, the reporters spied Myron Taylor coming out, and they swarmed around him.

What was the purpose of his visit? Had the President entrusted him with some new mission? What did he think of the grave turn of events?

Taylor, 76, wise from long experience in industry and diplomacy, was courteous but crisp.

"There's already too much talk," he said. "I'm not going to add to it."

That, it can be said, is the view of a lot of sensible people hereabouts. What, really, is there to say? The United States and its friends, once again, are caught in a position of weakness, a position where words are meaningless without the authority to back them up. What is there to do but to get strong, and to do it rapidly and at any cost?

Some long for a golden voice such as they knew in other dark days, when Franklin D. Roosevelt was in the White House.

Mr. Truman is aware of this. He doesn't have a golden voice, and even if he did, he wouldn't attach very much importance to it now. He is outwardly calm as he exercises the leadership of the free world. He doesn't panic easily, and he never lets himself forget one thing; that is, that the United States and its allies have a potential strength which, once made effective, will more than offset the power of Russia and her satellites.

Yes, it is asked, but will there be time to mobilize that strength? Nobody here really knows the answer to that. It is a case where we have no choice but to do the very best we can, and that quickly.

Maj. Gen. J. F. C. Fuller, the British military analyst, has summed up the global struggle in these terms: The Soviet idea *vs.* the American dollar.

That is but a fractional truth. Mr. Truman sees the struggle primarily in terms of people—people and their beliefs, dreams, skills. He has an unwavering faith that the American idea will triumph over the Soviet idea, and this faith springs from his admiration of the American people themselves.

Jonathan Daniels, the President's latest biographer, makes no attempt to attribute greatness to him. What he does say in "The Man of Independence" is that Mr. Truman, taking over after FDR died, taught Americans "that their greatness lies in themselves."

• • •

It would seem to be a fact that we are a great people. Somehow, though, nobody bothers to mention it any more in this beclouded city.

Perhaps it's because of our national habit of indulging in self-criticism. This is a virtue, surely. Doubtless it has had much to do with our greatness, but sometimes—well, sometimes an observer of the Washington scene wonders if there isn't need of more balance.

Consider for a moment our treatment of the news.

The question, What is news? is answered variously in different countries, and nowhere is the variance so sharp as in the United States and the Soviet Union. This is illustrated in the handling of bad news—military setbacks, diplomatic failures, and the like. We play it up. The Russians play it down; or, more likely, don't mention it at all.

It would be interesting to see the effect of this on a literate visitor from Mars, flitting between Washington and Moscow.



OF NATION'S BUSINESS

The newspapers here, like those elsewhere in the United States, have not spared us in these last few weeks. The accent most of the time has been on the disastrous, the alarming or the ominous. Russia's strength—meaning that of Russia and her satellites—has been emphasized; our own minimized. The retreats in Korea, the quarrels among ourselves, the differences among our allies, the attacks on Tru-

man, MacArthur and Acheson—these have had the headlines.

Our visitor from Mars, reading it all, certainly would conclude that we were in bad shape. He would be right, too, up to a point.

In Moscow—or, at least, in the Moscow newspapers—our Martian would note a startling difference in emphasis. He would discover that Stalin and the Politburo just don't make mistakes; that Russia is tops in everything; that there is no weakness or flaw in the Soviet scheme of things, and that all the world's troubles were brought on by the warmongers and Fascist beasts of Wall Street.

Well, we prefer to go about it in our own way; to flail ourselves, and to yell down any murmur of hopefulness as "complacency."

It was that way nearly all through World War II. The great conflict was almost over before we really became aware of what we had accomplished. Walter Lippmann first noticed that awareness in July, 1945. Roosevelt had been dead three months. Truman, surprisingly, had generated much good will and cleared away the sense of frustration that had developed from the 1940 and 1944 presidential campaigns.

"This," wrote Mr. Lippmann, "has released the pent-up good will and pride which was due to arise out of the astounding performance of the people in this war. For it was a paradox that the nation should feel ill at ease, doubtful of itself and full of anxiety about the future, at the very time it was moving on a plane of greatness, and was doing what any optimist would have thought was impossible before it was done. . . ."



The United States had fought a truly global war, with the mightiest forces ever known deployed in two grand theaters in Europe and Asia. It had produced more than its friends and enemies combined, and passed it out with a lavish hand. The stuff we sent to Russia, particularly motor trucks and food, was an important factor in the Red Army's triumph over Hitler's wehrmacht.

• • •

The epilogue must certainly constitute one of the most ironical phases in all history.

Russia, our erstwhile ally, now is a mortal enemy. It still is difficult to grasp the hideous development, even after five years of tension. Brooks Atkinson of the New York *Times*, in an article he wrote after an assignment in Moscow, and which won him a Pulitzer Prize, threw some light on the riddle. He pointed out that the Soviet leaders were professional revolutionaries, men who came up the hard way in the hostile atmosphere of the Czarist state, which also was a tyrannical police state.

"The leaders imagine that every man's hand is against them," Atkinson wrote. "They imagine they are surrounded. . . . After successfully destroying differences of opinion at home for the holiest Marxian reasons, they instinctively regard differences of opinion abroad as treachery to the Soviet Union. . . ."

It is a fact that, although there was a reservoir of good will for the Russians in this country after World War II, our people never did altogether abandon their distrust of the men in the Kremlin.

How is it then that we are caught in our present dilemma, where Russia calls the plays and threatens mankind with World War III. Some blame our diplomacy.

• • •

Winston Churchill, the most acute observer of our times, says the danger arose when the democracies disarmed at the peak of victory after World War II, while Russia kept up its military might.

There can hardly be much doubt about this. James F. Byrnes, our secretary of state in the early postwar years, noticed a perceptible change in the attitude of Molotov and other Russian diplomats once we began to tear down our great war machine, amidst Communist-inspired cries of "Bring the boys back home."

I remember Byrnes complaining once that he could get nowhere with the Russians so long as he was armed only with "a cap pistol."

Gen. George C. Marshall, who succeeded Byrnes in the State Department in 1947, was up against the same situation.

Marshall called for an "enduring" system of national defense instead of the "feast and famine" military policies of the past. He said efforts always were made to find scapegoats for American unpreparedness, but he felt the basic error had always been with the people.

"The fault," he said, "has been their refusal to sanction an enduring posture of defense that would discourage aggression, and if war came, would reduce the casualties."

A big military establishment, one worthy of a nation that calls itself a world power, costs a lot of money and involves a lot of sacrifices.

The American gripes a lot over little things. He is slow in working up a real, bone-deep anger. When he gets to that point, however, he is a formidable citizen. —EDWARD T. FOLLIARD

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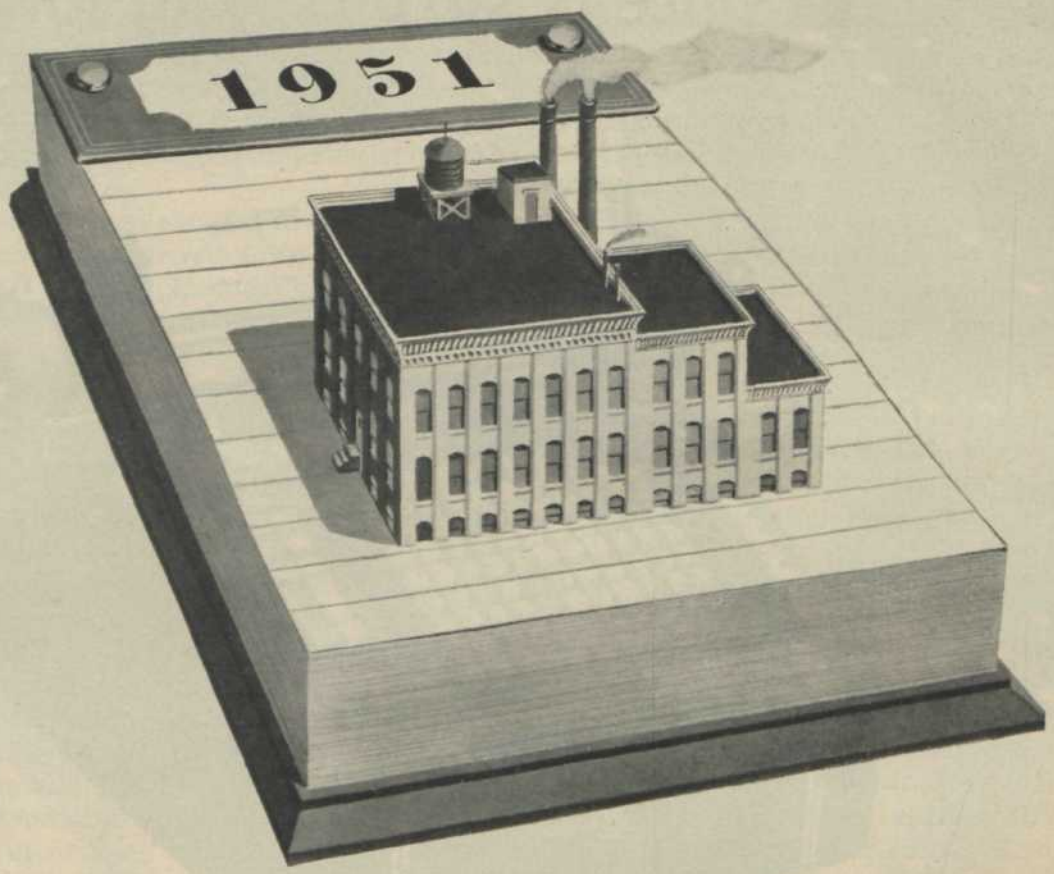
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Sen. Walter F. George (D) of Georgia



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Sen. Robert A. Taft (R) of Ohio

The Congress Goes Popular

By HOLMES ALEXANDER



WHAT can you expect from Capitol Hill in the next two years? Here's the answer in terms of issues and the personalities of both parties behind them

NO DOUBT exists about who'll be running the country as of Jan. 3, 1951—Congress will run it.

This crisp meaning of the recent election, and the take-charge nature of the new national legislature, make it inevitable that:

1. The conduct of foreign affairs is no longer an exclusive White House-State Department privilege. Congress is in a better position to require increasing collaboration.

2. Communist coddling is now such a cardinal political sin that even its semblance, let alone its actuality, will come under constant attack.

3. Labor leaders wield a whip over fewer lawmakers. Those who were re-elected despite union opposition are in no mood to grant special favors.

4. President Truman's claims of having a "mandate" for his welfare program will be heard, if at all, with doubt and even derision.

It takes no gift of prophesy to draw these conclusions from the results of last Nov. 7. It was a "popular" election in the fullest sense of the term. The off-year record turnout of 41,000,000 voters was a firm rebuttal to dire misgivings over the supposed apathy and confusion of the American public.

Gone to the ash heap of discarded fallacies is the old chestnut that big turnouts spell victory for cloudy issues and cheap, catch-vote candidates. It is not too much to say that the people themselves "wrote" the above-listed principles on which the Eighty-second Congress is sure to be run.

They wrote it most conspicuously in the case of Sen. Robert A. Taft of Ohio, who has long personified dissent against one-party leadership and the concept of blank-check giveaway programs to solve the ills of humanity at home and abroad. With his landslide majority of 430,000 votes as



ACME PHOTO

Sen. Harry Byrd (D) of Virginia



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Sen. Kenneth S. Wherry (R) of Nebraska



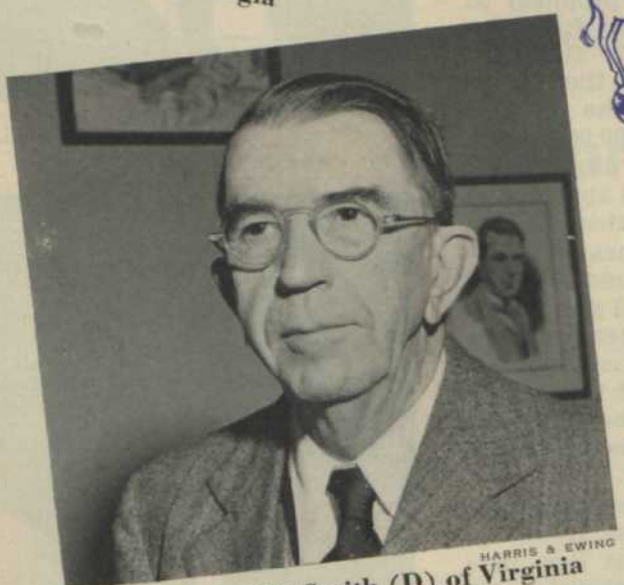
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Rep. Joseph Martin (R) of Massachusetts



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Rep. E. E. Cox (D) of Georgia



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Rep. Howard W. Smith (D) of Virginia



Rep. Charles A. Halleck (R) of Indiana

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

a certificate of approval, the man who was called Mr. Republican can now be called Mr. Congress.

Nothing is further from Taft's mind than a retreat into isolation, even if that were possible at this late date. But the conduct of our foreign affairs—the actual use of our aid and the choice of who gets it—is another matter.

Taft's whole attitude, as demonstrated in postelection statements, is one of inquiry and examination. He wants to know how effectively the Marshall Plan has been accomplishing its stated purposes in Europe. Have we created friends and allies, or merely wards, with our largesse? He intends to discover whether the Europeans are doing anything to arm themselves, as they are pledged to do under the military assistance program, and whether in cold reality Europe is defensible at all.

On this latter point Taft will query the strange principle, practiced in Europe, of arming former allies which seem to have developed a neutrality or escapist complex, and of by-passing nations like Spain and Turkey which have expressed a daring willingness to fight communist aggression.

All of these points, it will be recalled, were laid flat on the line during the campaigns in Ohio and elsewhere. Everett M. Dirksen, who unseated Sen. Scott W. Lucas in Illinois, pitched his appeal to the foreign-policy theme. Like Taft, he now demands reappraisal of what goes on with our attempt to stop Communism in both Europe and Asia.

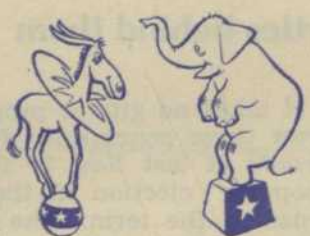
From the nature of these pending queries on foreign affairs it is evident that the Taft-Dirksen approach is anything but negative and introversive. On the contrary, it is positive and expansive. It calls for correction of the firing data by which we have been missing the main target—the Communist advance on all fronts. It plainly implies that our aid will continue to go out—but that it will go out under critical supervision and that it may reach nations which the State Department has hitherto chosen to ignore.

Here, in fact, we do come to a basic disagreement between the viewpoints of the Administration and Republican leaders. Much of the State Department policy from 1945 onward has been keyed to the idea that the purpose of our foreign policy is to spread democracy and welfare, to reward "liberalism" and to snub dictators of whatever political persuasion.

The Republican criticism has been that all this is a secondary, even extraneous, purpose. American foreign policy, which has been called the "Shield of the Republic," is traditionally supposed to have the sole, or at least paramount, purpose of protecting America. Everything else comes next.

Tied in strongly with foreign policy is the whole matter of softness toward anything which approaches or protects Communism at home or abroad. Several new senators come from their electorates with clear instructions to

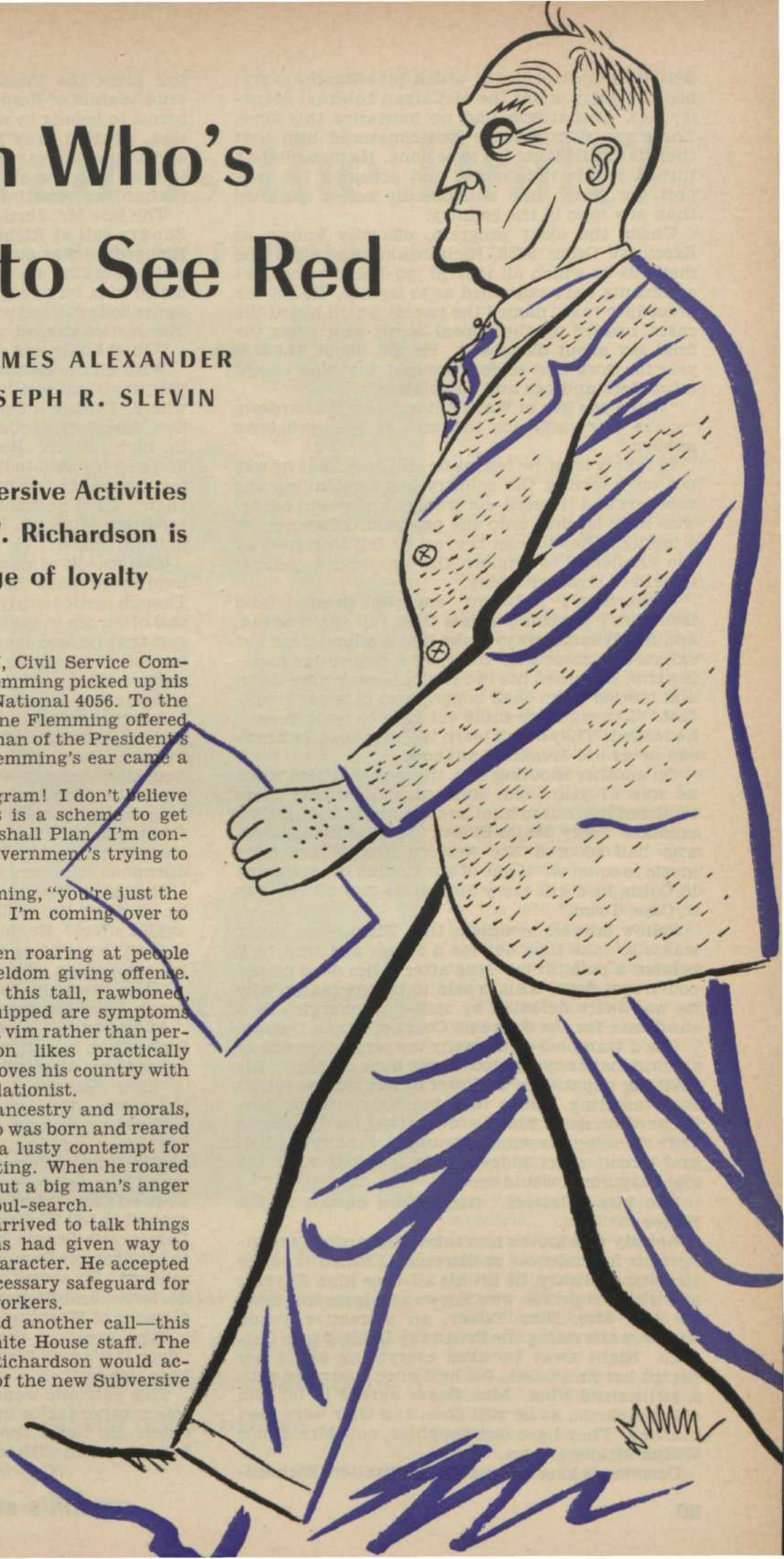
(Continued on page 74)



The Man Who's Hired to See Red

By HOLMES ALEXANDER
and JOSEPH R. SLEVIN

AS HEAD of the Subversive Activities Control Board, Seth W. Richardson is the nation's No. 1 judge of loyalty



ONE DAY in November, 1947, Civil Service Commission Chairman Arthur S. Flemming picked up his Washington phone and dialed National 4056. To the man on the other end of the line Flemming offered the newly created post of chairman of the President's Loyalty Review Board. Into Flemming's ear came a roar.

"To hell with the loyalty program! I don't believe in thought investigation. This is a scheme to get people who're against the Marshall Plan. I'm constitutionally opposed to the Government's trying to muzzle its employes."

"Mr. Richardson," said Flemming, "you're just the sort of man we're looking for. I'm coming over to see you."

Seth W. Richardson has been roaring at people most of his 71 years, though seldom giving offense. The robust tones with which this tall, rawboned, rumpled Northwesterner is equipped are symptoms of outdoor vigor and intellectual vim rather than personal antagonism. Richardson likes practically everybody he ever met, and he loves his country with the possessive passion of an isolationist.

A New England Puritan by ancestry and morals, he's also a big-game hunter who was born and reared in the frontier West, and has a lusty contempt for such minor sports as witch hunting. When he roared at Flemming, he was roaring out a big man's anger against the foreign idea of a soul-search.

But, by the time Flemming arrived to talk things over, Richardson's indignations had given way to other aspects of his complex character. He accepted the post for what it was—a necessary safeguard for the Government and its loyal workers.

Last October Richardson had another call—this one from a member of the White House staff. The President wanted to know if Richardson would accept the $12,500 chairmanship of the new Subversive

Activities Control Board which investigates everybody's loyalty under the McCarran Internal Security Act. Richardson had no hesitancy this time. Three years' experience had convinced him that there is a still bigger job to be done. He immediately turned in his resignation and accepted the new post, for which he's undoubtedly better qualified than any man in the country.

Under the older program, officially known as Executive Order 9835, Richardson supervised the methods by which all federal job-holders and job-applicants were examined as to loyalty. He set the procedure rules, named the panels which heard the cases, headed up the appeal board which has the final say about dismissals. He got about $4,000 a year for work that seldom brought anything except misunderstandings and complaints.

"When you live in Washington," says Richardson, "you're fair game for this sort of job—*pro bono publico.*"

In taking it on, he felt, as he still does, that he was not only serving the country but forestalling the snoopers and thought-controllers who might otherwise have latched onto the program. Moreover, as a topflight Republican lawyer, he felt intrigued by the challenge to explore the unmapped judicial terrain of loyalty probing.

Richardson's pulsating energies prevent him from doing anything at less than full speed ahead, and his dynamic ways make him a stimulating but exhausting associate. Once, on a midwinter hunting trip, he roused his two companions before dawn and howled down their suggestions of a hot breakfast. "I thought we came out here to hunt ducks," he scoffed. They didn't learn till later that Richardson never ate breakfast anyhow.

On another shooting trip, this one in Africa when he was 67 years old, Richardson's British guide implored him not to hunt so close to the man-killing animals. "Why, Major Elliott," boomed Richardson, who had scoured the western hemisphere from arctic to equator, "if one of our Kodiak bears started in Cairo, he'd kill every animal he met all the way to Cape Town."

Fellow lawyers complain that Richardson never wants to take time out for a recess and that he'll belabor a point of law long after it lies dead on the courtroom floor. This is said to be one reason why he was twice defeated by split-hair margins as a candidate for the Supreme Court of North Dakota.

"He'd trampled on so many lawyers," says one of them, "that they wanted to get back at him." His seething impatience of slower or less tireless minds is devastating. Once, in a big water rights case, Richardson spent hours proving that his opponents were stressing the wrong argument. Finally the federal circuit court judge mildly inquired what the right argument would be.

"Go hire a lawyer," Richardson barked at His Honor.

Nobody who knows him takes Richardson's mannerisms for rudeness or disrespect. When it comes to being arbitrary, he hit his all-time high 31 years ago with the person who knows and loves him best. He met Mrs. Nina Baker, an attractive young widow, while riding the Broadway Limited into Chicago. Right away he liked everything about her except her first name, for he'd once quarreled with a girl named Nina. Mrs. Baker agreed to let him call her Sonia, as he still does, and they were soon married. They have one daughter, now Mrs. Bruce Weiser of Ames, Iowa.

Despite his long exposure to civilization, Richardson gives the impression of being a grown-up, erudite child of Nature. His rugged 210-pound body seems to belong to wild, woodland places. His jutting, weather-gray face could be something that ancient pagans carved in a granite cliff. Only a man in tune with the universe could be so unworldly as Richardson sometimes is.

The late Mr. Justice Cardozo once paid a formal Sunday call at Richardson's home in Washington. Richardson was out in the garden, stripped to the waist, working on the shrubbery. When his wife called him, he strode into the living room, his great upper body stained with soil and shining with sweat. The justice gasped with surprised delight:

"Oh, if I only had a build like that."

With all his distaste for inaction Richardson has the jungle-cat quality of being able to doze off anywhere. During a Senate subcommittee hearing on Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy's charges of Communism in high places, Richardson took a front seat, dropped his chin to his chest and remained motionless for nearly two hours until called to the witness chair. Then he handed his prepared statement to reporters and ad libbed his testimony without muffing a line.

This knack of public repose adds to the general impression that he sleeps with his clothes on. Though meticulously clean, they never look pressed, and often are in such sartorial imbalance as to suggest that he also dresses in the dark. When we first interviewed him, he wore a gray tweed suit with a gray vest from a broadcloth suit, a white silk shirt and a jerked-together polka dot tie.

But there was an occasion when Richardson did make a creditable effort to dress up. Being in Rome for an audience with the Pope, he rented a cutaway. Since the trousers were much too short, he turned down the cuffs and asked the Italian maid in sign language to press out the creases. She misunderstood him, stitched up the cuffs and at the last moment presented Richardson with one of his few dilemmas in haberdashery.

Should he wear the trousers too short? Or should he let down the cuffs again and accept the ruffled anklet effect? He decided on the latter course.

"You're not going that way?" demanded a traveling companion when Richardson appeared.

"He's the only Pope I know," said Richardson firmly, "and I'm going."

At the end of a two-hour talk with the Pontiff, Richardson bade him farewell by observing heartily but with no discernible protocol:

"Your Holiness, there are three great things in the world—my country, Russia and you."

World travel and elbow-rubbing with celebrities have done nothing to spoil Richardson's essential provincialism. Herbert Hoover, a good friend, nominated him for federal circuit judge in the Eighth Judicial Circuit, but the late Sen. Pat Harrison came around to tell Richardson that the newly organized Democratic Senate had caucused and decided not to confirm any Republicans. Richardson was rather relieved. To accept the judgeship meant living in St. Louis, and Richardson was enchanted with the glamour of Washington.

"The great of the world come here," he said. "Even if it's only from the sidewalk, you've seen the king ride by."

This patriotic wonderment over the Capital City was another factor in his decision to become loyalty chief. He hates the thought of its marble halls being infested with unworthy Americans. It pleased

(Continued on page 68)

How Fair is the Draft?

By STANLEY FRANK



AS LONG as our military minds consider every recruit as a combat man, we're in for manpower troubles. Here is what others believe

WE CAN'T say we haven't been warned. Complacency verging on arrogance cost us irretrievable lives and time during the last war and a hang-over of the same attitude is setting us up for another crisis all over again. President Truman had good firepower but erratic aim on Oct. 25 when he called the high rejection rate of men found physically or mentally unfit in the draft "a disgrace to the richest nation in the world." The President, referring to World War II statistics, mentioned a rejection rate of 34 per cent—actually, it was 35.8 per cent—but newspapers carrying his speech told a more alarming story.

Reports from local Selective Service boards throughout the country revealed that 45 to 80 per cent of the men called up since Korea had been turned down by the Army. The implication was clear: The draft was in trouble. The United States, committed by act of Congress and the North Atlantic Pact to a defense establishment of 3,000,000 men by June, 1951, would fall far short of its objective.

Something, obviously, is wrong. Americans are the best fed, clothed and housed, the most thoroughly doctored and scrubbed people on the face of the earth. There is a direct correlation between a high standard of living and physical vigor and mental stability, but the figures don't add up. By our own admission, one young man in every three is a pantywaist or a psychoneurotic.

We must be better than the figures say we are. If we were not, we would have been licked decisively in two bloody wars. We are not as good, however, as the big wheels in the Pentagon think we are. A military axiom holds that a nation, or a coalition, faces certain defeat when one third of its forces in the field is eliminated by casualties. The United States is undermining its security by eliminating one third of its available manpower before uniforms are issued. That policy inevitably will catch up with us when, for the first time in our history, we and our allies are opposed by an enemy numerically stronger. It will be too late then to correct mistakes. Second chances are buried in the rubble that mounts with the increasing fury of all-out war.

Who says one third of our young men are unfit to serve in the armed forces? The answer will come as a surprise to most citizens. The armed forces, which arbitrarily establish their own criteria, say so. The Army, Navy and Air Force which, like all military organizations from time immemorial, complain – perhaps justifiably — that they do not have enough of everything they need, say they cannot use one youth in every three. And what is the basis for this strange contention?

Now we are getting to the heart of the matter and the answer no longer can remain unchallenged. The armed forces of the United States insist on regarding every re-

cruit as a potential combat man. It is a concept as archaic as a cavalry charge with drawn sabers and as unrealistic as an umbrella in an air raid, yet our military leaders continue to adhere to it despite the experience of disastrous consequences. Their own elaborate tables of organization prove that the idea of training every volunteer and conscript for front-line fighting is utter nonsense.

The old saw to the effect that 20 men are needed behind the guy with the rifle is not a rule of thumb. Less than five per cent of all the men in the armed forces in the last war saw, much less engaged, the enemy in combat. No more than 15 per cent ever heard a shot fired in anger. Even in an infantry division, fewer than half the troops are assigned to rifle companies. The overwhelming bulk of men in every army, navy and air force, especially the American, is occupied with logistics and the technical aspects of modern war, a trend highlighted in startling fashion by comparisons of World Wars I and II. The total U. S. Army mobilized in April, 1945, was more than twice as large as that mobilized in November, 1918—but the strength of combatant ground forces was just about the same.

Another lucid example of the same sort of thing—but on a lower level—comes from Gen. Mark W. Clark, the Army Field Forces chief. The general has estimated that an infantry division of 19,000 men under the present setup probably would call for 60,000 to handle the rear-area service activities. The Red Army has only 5,-6,000 backers-up per combat division.

What were all noncombatant G.I.'s doing during the last war? They were hauling supplies, driving and maintaining vehicles, handling communications, sorting mail, making propaganda, guarding installations and supply lines, cooking chow, administering liberated and conquered territory, planning future operations and keeping records in triplicate for still others to file. The million and one details that, while not so dangerous, were just as necessary to supply and maintain riflemen, tanks, ships and planes, employed 95 per cent of the men in uniform.

Few of those rear echelon jobs required top physical condition, and every military organization in the world except the United States' has recognized that fact. The United States alone accepts only first-rate physical specimens, regardless of their eventual assignments. The result, of course, is that such men are diverted from the front lines, where strength and stamina are needed, to duties that can be discharged satisfactorily by the majority of men who are rejected.

No other nation is deluded by what Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, director of Selective Service, calls "a philosophy of abundance"—a polite way of saying the United States is dissipating its manpower with an overconfidence that smacks of insolence. Every other country, friendly or hostile, has three to seven classifications for conscripts according to physical capabilities. They operate on the theory that a job can be found in the service for any man of military age who is gainfully employed in civilian life. The United States takes men who qualify only for combat and discards the millions who can be competent clerks, truck drivers, mechanics, guards, cooks and technical specialists.

Despite the manpower shortage, there still is not a general limited-service classification for draftees in the Army, the only branch now drawing on Selective Service to meet its authorized strength. The Navy and Air Force are getting enough volunteers to fill their needs, although they shortly will feel the pinch of expansion. The tragic lessons of the last war have been forgotten or ignored. We were at war for nearly two years in 1943 before all three branches agreed, reluctantly, to accept men who did not measure up to their physical and mental standards for combat. It was a shortsighted policy that eventually cost lives and unquestionably delayed the successful prosecution of the war.

As early as September, 1942, the Army Ground Forces were short 330,000 men, the Services of Supply 34,000, the Air Force 103,000 and the mushrooming Navy was severely strapped. In June, 1943, the manpower situation was so acute that 500,000 men were dropped from the proposed strength of the Army. Only then did our military authorities scrape the bottom of the barrel—as they condescendingly called it—but it already was too late. Three months after the invasion of Normandy, rear echelons were combed frantically and their rugged men in desk and administrative jobs were rushed to the front. G.I.'s were sent into combat with insufficient training; a "calculated risk"—a euphemism for lines stretched to the breaking point—led to the Battle of the Bulge and the largest number of casualties suffered by





Ninety-five per cent of men in uniform did the jobs needed to keep the other five in action

American forces in any ten-day period of the war.

It would be fine if every young American in uniform could tear down a brick wall with his bare hands after a 20-mile march with a full pack. It would be even more wonderful if no young American had to wear a uniform at all, but such wishful thinking is as dangerous as the first hypothesis. We cannot afford the luxury of either one. The facts in the case are uncompromising and inescapable.

To maintain a defense establishment of 3,000,000 men, 800,000 new men a year are needed to fill the gaps left by completed tours of duty. During the 1940's, some 1,200,000 men reached the draft age every year. The United States then was cashing in on the prosperity of the 1920's, which, as always is the case in good times, produced a high birth rate. But this year, and every year until 1957—the most critical period of our relations with Russia, according to military and diplomatic authorities—fewer than 1,000,000 men will turn 18. We now are getting into the depression babies of the 1930's, when the birth rate fell to an all-time low.

You can't beat the percentages. If one third of the 1,000,000 youths reaching military age are rejected, the United States will not have the 800,000 recruits needed every year to keep its armed forces at the minimum level needed for the nation's security—and the situation will get progressively worse, of course.

And that does not take into account the indeterminate, but large, number of talented young men who must be deferred for scientific and cultural study in college. We need them as much as combat troops to remain vibrant and progressive. A blanket deferment cannot be given, however, to every boy who wants to go to college. That will arouse justified criticism of a "poor man's draft." In these days of rising tuitions and increasing strains on self-sacrificing parents, college is, more than ever, an economic hardship. To excuse from military service every boy who can buy safety behind ivy will lead inevitably to the widespread abuses of the Civil War, when northern conscripts hired stand-ins for $300.

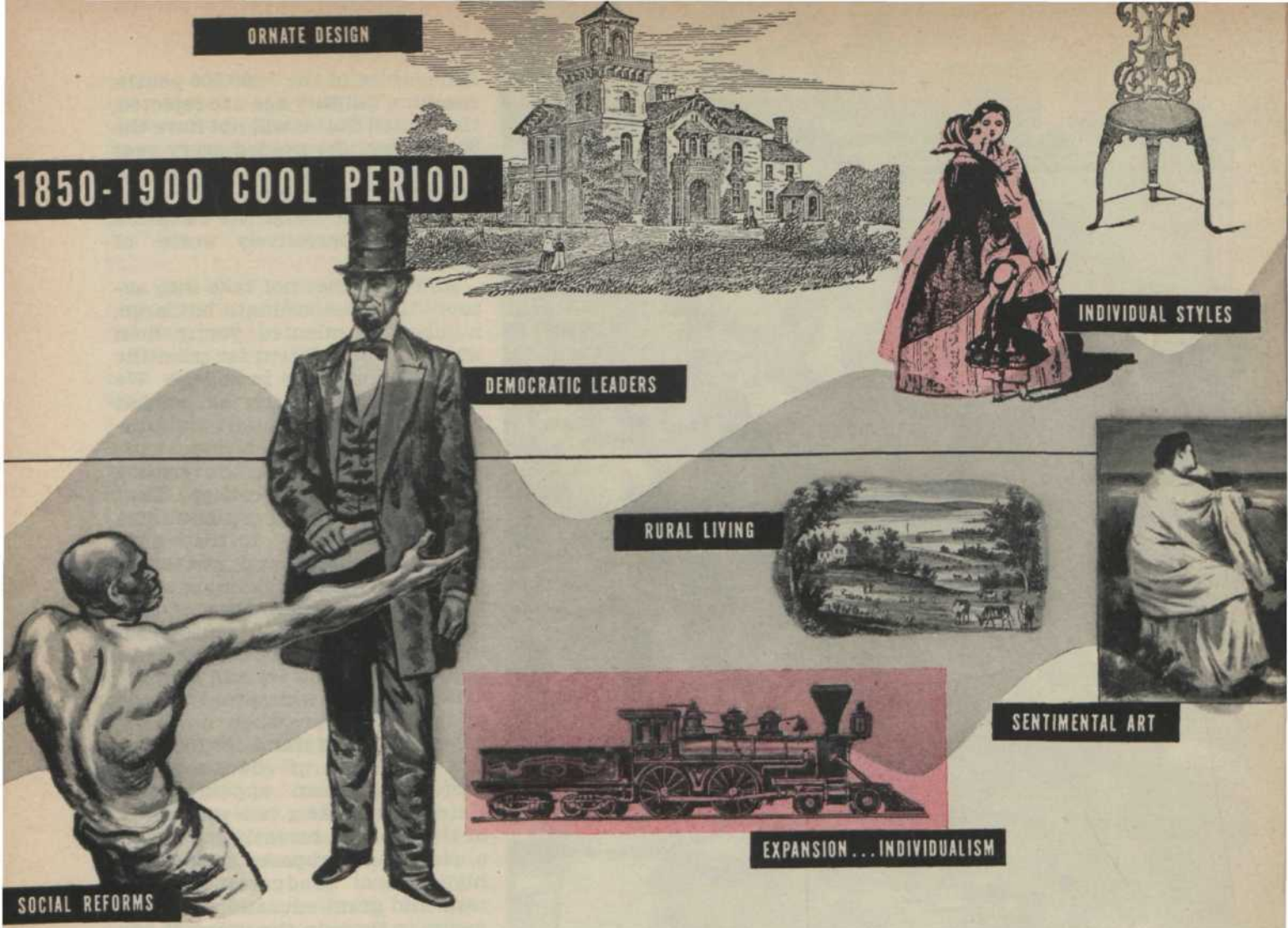
A committee of educators and professional men appointed by Hershey to make a two-year study of the problem recently submitted a plan that proposes to give all high school graduates aptitude tests and grant educational deferments to those in the upper 25 per cent. If a boy cannot pay for college, he would be provided with a federal scholarship. If boys so deferred do not maintain high grades in college, the draft would get them.

There is another condition. After completing their educations, the bright boys must go into work that is "essential to the national health, safety or interest." Doctors, teachers, physicists, chemists and engineers fall into that category, along with economists, political scientists and trained specialists in Slavic and Oriental cultures. But there is to be no deferment for dilettantes.

A quick estimate of the physical and academic deferments leaves a manpower deficit of at least 250,000 annually. Those are the harsh facts.

What is the solution? Reduce the strength of the armed forces? That's unthinkable in the present political climate. Expand the 19-to-26 age limit of the draft? The net will catch only veterans of World War II who already have discharged honorably their obligations to the country. It is unfair to expose these men to double jeopardy. Uprooting them again will

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The Weather Tells

PREDICTIONS: A Look at Tomorrow

Revolution will unseat Russia's Communist government;
China will become democratic, friendly to the West;
A small depression in 1952 and a major one in the 1960's;
Washington's centralized power will break up, the states regain lost importance;
After 1952 the chances for peace are good until about the year 2000.

THESE predictions weren't made by an astrologer, medium, or swami. They were made by an eminently respectable scientist: Dr. Raymond Holder Wheeler, faculty member of the Babson Institute of Business Administration, at Babson Park, Mass., and head of climatic research for the Weather Science Foundation of Crystal Lake, Ill.

The future that Wheeler sees is at variance with the one pictured by amateur prophets who forecast only doom. Wheeler has ardent supporters and, naturally, those who question his conclusions. Still, the weight of scientific evidence is on his side. To be specific, Wheeler will not promise us a business collapse in, say, 1963. But he will predict that rocky going should occur at about that time—provided the world performs in the future as it has in the past. He does not prophesy that there will be a rain of atomic bombs—maybe, even, by the time this article appears—but does say that the early '50's will continue to be a time of international tension.

Wheeler, 58, is scholarly, Yankee to the core, energetic as a bulldozer. His research indicates that there is a pattern in the tides of human events. More important, he has collected mountains of data to explain the pattern. His charts indicate that wars, depressions, revolutions and other cataclysmic events occur at evenly spaced intervals. Human tastes change in the same sequence.

In one period we like ornate architecture, in the next severely plain buildings; in one we like complex forms of music, art, literature, in the next the simple and unpretentious; in one the state becomes all-important and we have dictatorships, then we shift to



Our Fortunes

By J. D. RATCLIFF

individualism and there is a revival of democracy.

If Wheeler is right—and all present evidence indicates he is—he is destined to become a scientific immortal. His monumental studies cover recorded history in minute detail for 3,000 years. This establishes the pattern which he projects into the future—giving him a basis for predicting what will happen in the centuries ahead. He got started on the giant task in the late '20's, while head of the psychology department at the University of Kansas.

Studying various cultures, Wheeler thought he saw a fluctuating pattern of human behavior. He drew a rough chart to show the cycle. At the same time another man was at work on a cycle of another type. Dr. A. E. Douglass of the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., was studying rings from 1,500-year-old Arizona yellow pines.

Some years, he noted, rings were fat, other years they were scrawny. He guessed that fatness was caused by moisture and leanness by drought. The trees had written in their rings a 1,500-year weather diary! Checked against existing records the idea stood up perfectly. After study of more than 1,000,000 rings, Douglass charted results; found there was a rhythm to the weather curve—hot and cold, wet and dry periods alternating at regular intervals. Further, this curve almost exactly matched Wheeler's culture curve! People behaved one way in long periods of warmth, another way in periods of cold!

One flaw was apparent. Douglass' studies of the yellow pines covered weather in only one place: Arizona. What about the rest of the world? Was there a world pattern? To find this answer, Wheeler turned to the National Youth Administration. In the early '30's this agency gave him all the help he needed—as many as 40 assistants at a time.

Since no reliable weather records are more than 100 years old, the research group had to depend on indirect evidence to trace world climatic changes. Tree ring studies of giant California sequoias helped—they go back more than 3,000 years. Biblical plagues and famines—which occurred in hot-dry times—gave other points of reference. So did ice-forming and ice-breaking dates on Russian rivers—carefully kept because commerce of the country depended on river traffic. Wheeler's group collected tens of thousands of items like these.

Evidence of agreement was visible almost from the outset. For example, scrawny sequoia rings told of severe drought in California in the 1290's B.C. At the same time there were plague and famine in Egypt, crop failures and droughts in China and India. Hundreds of

similar reference points checked exactly.

World weather fell into a pattern, tending to repeat in orderly fashion. There was a giant 1,020-year cycle—and inside this there were smaller cycles lasting 510 years, 170 years and 100 years.

The next problem was to see how human beings behaved at various points on the curve. Wheeler's group turned to history books. There was almost immediate evidence that there was one pattern of behavior for warm periods, another for cold.

Warm periods were marked by tyranny, dictatorship, international wars, and various other excesses. With almost unerring regularity great military leaders appeared in hot periods: Attila the Hun, William the Conqueror, Charlemagne, Napoleon, and, later on, Eisenhower and Rommel. Ninety per cent of all Jewish persecutions occurred in warm periods.

It was at such times, too, that Christians were thrown to the lions in Rome. Starting at 585 B.C. with Nebuchadnezzar's war on Jerusalem, and carrying on to Napoleon and finally Hitler, despotisms and wars fell with 90 per cent accuracy into hot periods.

Cold phases produced a different set of events. When the world thermometer dropped — the average drop might not be more than a few degrees—individuals became more aggressive and independent. The yoke of oppression was thrown off. The American and French revolutions took place during a cold period. The same democratic upswelling was visible elsewhere in the world at the same time. Revolt or civil war struck in places far apart—Siam, Mexico, India, Turkey, Belgium.

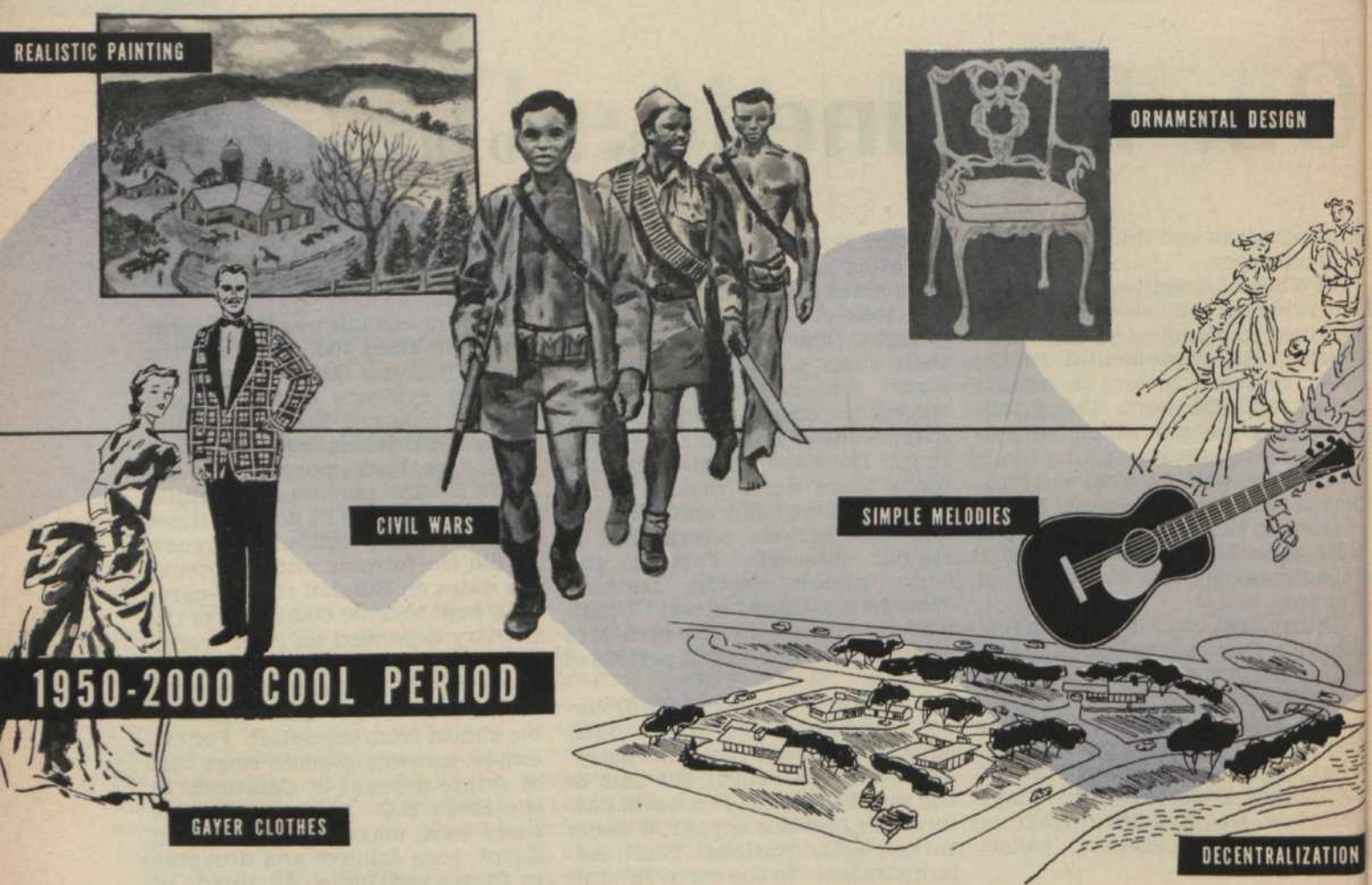
Most great social reforms—the Magna Charta, bills of rights, jury trial, abolition of serfdom — occurred in cold periods. Christ, the Emperor Constantine, Charles Martel, Dante, Chaucer, Luther, Calvin, Washington, Lincoln, all lived in cold periods—and so did 92 per cent of the kings whom history acclaimed as "the great."

Finding his own results hard to believe, Wheeler blocked out an experiment. How would rats behave under diverse climatic conditions? He raised one colony at 90 degrees Fahrenheit, another at 55 degrees. To find food, the rats had to work their way through a maze. The cold rats learned the path four times as fast as the hot rats. They were bigger, more alert, healthier, more independent. The cold weather females built neat nests, took excellent care of their young. The hot rats built no nests, sometimes even ate their young. They lacked energy and aggressiveness — the qualities human beings must have to protect their rights.

After drawing up the rough pattern of how human beings had behaved for nearly 3,000 years, Wheeler projected his orderly weather curve into the future. In 1935 he drew up a list of predictions of what would happen in the years to 1950. He predicted a "war season" in the late '30's—a prophecy fulfilled by Hitler. He saw another set of events after 1944—which marked the end of the long hot phase that brought two world wars. He said that as the world cooled there would be a democratic revival.

This, too, has occurred. India, Pakistan, Burma, the Philippines, and 12 other countries with a total population of 600,000,000 have gained independence. Italy, France and other countries are shaking off Communism. China, Wheeler thinks, is in a class by itself. The country was ripe for revolt and a

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BOTTLENECKS OF INVENTION



By ROGER BURLINGAME

MANY'S the inventor who has had to mark time on the brink of success until somebody or something caught up with him

FOUR MONTHS before war broke out in Korea, the armed forces of the U. S. played some big-scale war games off Puerto Rico. Carriers, submarines, cruisers, destroyers, a battleship, parachutists and ground forces were involved. Fletcher Pratt aboard a carrier reported several bogdowns in operations. The worst ones came because certain technical gadgets didn't perform as expected.

In *Harper's*, Pratt said the gadgets were O.K.; there just weren't enough technicians on board equal to handling them. It takes months to train men to operate these new instruments and "the scientists are turning out new robots faster than the men can be trained to keep them working."

Here is the newest bottleneck of invention. The new instruments are so good when they do work that they receive prompt public acceptance. But their inventors have jumped so far ahead of the operating technicians that whole new programs of education are necessary before complete efficiency can be recognized.

Yet inventors always have been out in front in one way or another. That is what makes them inventors. Then, just when they think they've got their idea by the ears, they've got to sit down and wait for something or somebody to catch up. It's been the same story all through history. Sometimes it is a dumb public that doesn't see an invention's advantages.

So it was back in the 1700's in England's coal mines, which always were flooding and had to be pumped out by hand. Then Thomas Newcomen invented an atmospheric engine in 1712 that condensed steam in a cylinder, thereby creating a vacuum. The vacuum sucked a piston up and a connecting rod worked the pump. The crude steam engine was good only for straight up and down pumping. All the same it did use steam to take a big burden off human muscles and did it for the first time in productive work. But the water it pumped out of the mines went through Bottleneck No. 2. This was the economic bottleneck. The engine burned a shocking proportion of the coal it helped mine and the price of coal went up.

James Watt in 1769 was thwarted by the same bottleneck. Watt also made a steam engine. In his model, steam in a cylinder pushed a piston two ways without the aid of vacuums. Yet men who tried to use his engine began to go broke from the cost of the fuel it used.

Analyzing Bottleneck No. 2, Watt ran into No. 3 which was technical. His cylinder leaked steam in enormous quantities. He wrapped his piston "with cork, oiled rags, tow, old hats, paper and other things but still there were enough open spaces left to let the air in and the steam out."

Bottleneck No. 3 is the commonest slower-down in the history of invention. What happens is that an invention has to stop and wait for another invention in another



Lack of a decent cylinder hit Watt's steam engine



England almost flagged the car out of existence once



The "safety" bicycle broke the automobile's road block



A luxury tag plagued auto makers till Ford started in

field before it can be made practical. Watt's cylinder was so badly bored that he was forced to wait until John Wilkinson, in 1774, invented a precision borer. This helped overcome Bottleneck No. 2 because less fuel was needed as less steam escaped. But again Watt had to wait. This time for Joseph Black, a Scottish chemist, to discover laws governing heat saving which could be applied to the engine.

The automobile is a surprisingly old invention. A steam car was built in France in 1769. A steam bus made regular trips in England in the 1820's and by 1860 self-propelled road vehicles were commonplace there. English engineers might have gone ahead from that point and developed automotive transport far ahead of the rest of the world, but for a bottleneck different from any of those we have considered. You might call this No. 4 bottleneck a political one.

Pressure groups, including horse breeders, farmers, villagers who objected to smoke, ganged up and got a law passed which was one of the greatest legislative blocks to progress in the history of invention. The law required that a man carrying a red flag by day and a red lantern by night walk 60 yards in front of every steam car or truck. Thirty years later, when the law was repealed, automobile development had moved elsewhere.

When motorcars with internal combustion engines arrived in America, they encountered bottlenecks. One was the unfitness of roads for anything but horse-drawn vehicles. The breaking of this bottleneck began, curiously enough, with another quite different invention. This was the pneumatic-tired "safety" bicycle.



Technical bugs kept TV in the lab for some 60 years

Some of us remember the tremendous bicycle craze of the 1890's. Bicycle clubs and associations in those years began agitation for better roads and so we may say that the bicycle literally paved the way for the automobile. But it also made important technical contributions. Its popularity demanded quantity production and its manufacture introduced many techniques which afterward went into the mass production of automobiles.

But as cars—gasoline, steam and electric—began to appear on our roads and streets, a bottleneck came which we may call social. To most Americans, the automobile was regarded as a toy of the "idle rich." The horse was far more democratic. It didn't carry with it that foreign stigma which came with the words "chauffeur" and "garage." The new machine was thought so hard to handle that you had to have a professional — a chauffeur—to take care of it, but of course if you were rich enough to own one of those contraptions you could afford the chauffeur, too.



Aviation was throttled for want of a good light engine

Henry Ford and a few others were determined to break this jam. Most manufacturers were content to go on selling their cars at high prices to the luxury trade. Ford wanted every American to own and drive his own car. He began by putting on shows at race tracks, driving his own racers. This drew the crowds — especially the boys who quickly became car-conscious. Ford hated racing but he knew it was the right idea for full publicity and democratic enthusiasm. Then he made his plans for turning out cheap cars by mass production. He knew he could do this by concentrating on a single type.

Ransom E. Olds had the same thought and his Oldsmobile beat Ford to the big, popular market. But Olds failed, largely because his backers refused to let him concentrate. They were still stopped by the social bottleneck and insisted on his dividing his attention between a popular little runabout and fancy big cars for the luxury trade.

Ford knew that mass production in those days demanded total standardization. His idea was to make all the parts so simple they could be turned out in quantity by machines and to assemble them continuously with the aid of a conveyer belt. He deliberately made the Model T, or "Tin Lizzie" as it was called, ugly to break the fancy-rich bottleneck. But it took him ten years to develop his idea because of Bottleneck No. 3. A major technical development he had to wait for was the cheapening of vanadium steel.

Automobile invention broke the airplane's toughest bottleneck. When the Wright brothers took off at Kitty Hawk in 1903, people had been flying after a fashion in gliders for 20 years. As far back as 1809, the basic principles of aviation were stated by an Englishman, George Cayley.

In 1842, Henson, another Englishman, got a patent on an "aerial steam carriage" — a monoplane with two pusher propellers, tricycle undercarriage, an elevator and a vertical rudder. With all these elements of the modern plane, why was flight impossible? To us the answer is obvious. Steam engines need water as well as fuel, and water weighs too many pounds per horsepower developed. Airplane inventors had to wait for the engine that got its power directly from the explosions of the fuel in its cylinders.

But it was the light, comparatively powerful gasoline engine they built themselves that got the Wrights up and kept them off the ground. Yet even after the Wrights' Kitty Hawk triumph dozens of other technical bottlenecks had to be broken before flying was anything but a tricky, dangerous sport. War broke most of them.

War has been the greatest bottleneck-breaker in the recent history of invention. The main reason why it is so successful in shattering Bottleneck No. 3 (technical) is that it breaks No. 2 (economic) first.

"Money no object" is a principle of military invention. Once the factor of cost disappears from experiment, ways soon are found to

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ACME

Let a member need a hand, as Rep. Addonizio (right) did, and "Fishbait" is right there

"Open the Door, 'Fishbait'"

By MILTON LEHMAN

THE House's peppy doorkeeper is all things to all men — guardian of the portals, top escorter of dignitaries, baby sitting agent, and diplomat

IN WASHINGTON, congressmen skilled at granting favors are constantly outdone in that art by short, bustling William "Fishbait" Miller, Doorkeeper of the House of Representatives. Bestowed on Congress 18 years ago, the 204-pound Fishbait exudes nonpartisan love for all 435 members of the House. Speaker Sam Rayburn, who calls him "Fish" for short, says: "Fish purely loves to do favors." Joseph Martin, Republican leader of the House, declares: "If ever the Democrats can't use Fishbait, we can." His eagerness to serve is boundless, like a young man courting.

As House Doorkeeper, Miller must supervise some 300 patronage workers on the Hill: elevator operators, telephone operators, file clerks, barbers, messengers, pages and Capitol policemen. He must announce messages from the Senate to the House, escort dignitaries between the two bodies of Congress, clear the House floor of unauthorized persons, and hold the Bible when a vice president is sworn into office.

Fishbait's unofficial services are even more staggering. He rounds up baby sitters for congressmen's wives, obtains Mississippi shrimp for Democratic luncheons, serves as water boy at the annual charity baseball game between Republican and Democratic representatives, remembers to congratulate on birthdays and be present at funerals. Although he doesn't smoke, Fishbait carries a cigarette lighter which he whips out at the first gesture you make toward a cigarette pack.

His preparation for doorkeeper, which pays him an annual salary of $9,000, was long and faithful service to Congress. When Congress convenes this January, he will be up for re-election without opposition. In 1948, when he campaigned for his present post, Fishbait outlined his qualifications in a personal letter to every Democratic representative.

"I have derived much pleasure out of being of service to our members," he wrote. "I have had the privilege and pleasure of being a clerk in the House Post Office, a messenger to the Doorkeeper and an Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms. I am 39 years of age and have the reputation of staying on the job. Last but not least, I am ready, willing and hoping to

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JOHN ROBERTS put down the magazine he was reading, yawned, and scratched the back of his head. Across the room Ellen, his wife, looked up from her magazine. "You turning in?" she asked.

"I don't know. The fire's made me sleepy, I guess." He stared vacantly at the embers in the fireplace, then shifted his gaze to the studio window behind his wife. The rain made a steady rustle on the window panes, and every now and then a gust of wind would whip across the glass and distort the city lights outside.

"Would music annoy you?" Ellen asked, reaching toward the radio.

"No. I'd love it." He kicked off one moccasin and rubbed his instep with the other foot, then picked up his magazine again.

Ellen turned on the radio, could find nothing she liked, so switched to the phonograph and put on an album of symphony records.

"That's fine," Roberts said. "Wonderful."

Ellen started to sit down, then paused. "I think I'll get a glass of milk," she said. "Want one?"

"Yes, please."

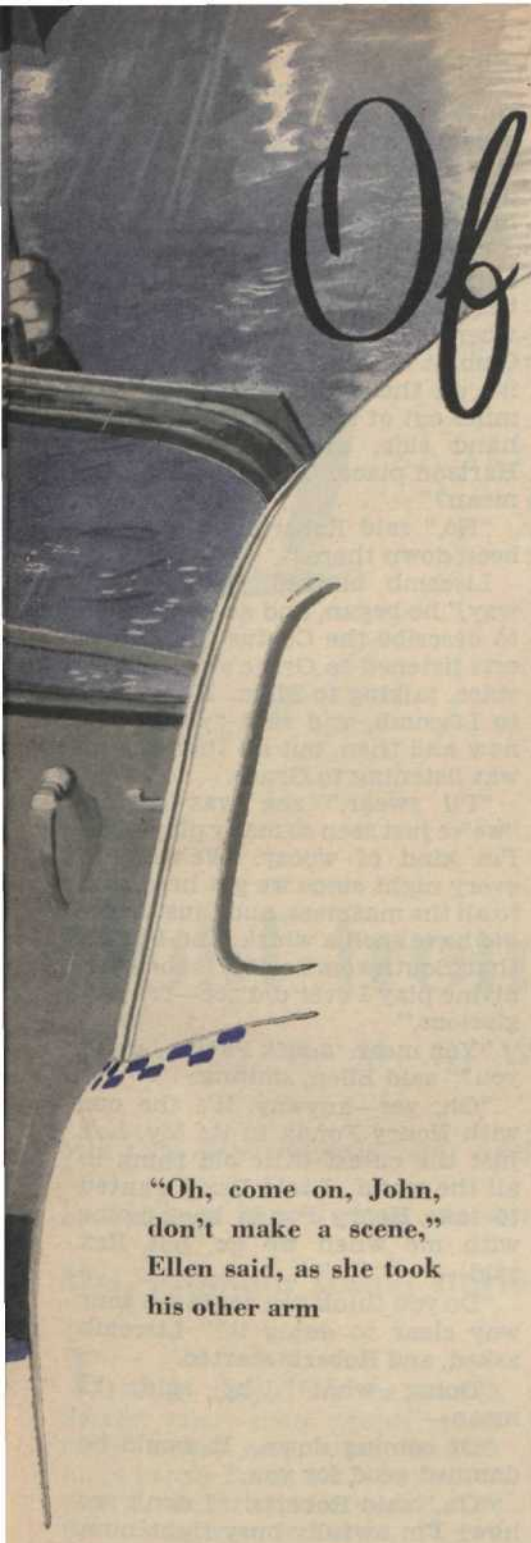
She started for the kitchen, and as she passed Roberts she leaned over and kissed the top of his head. "That round's on the house," she said. "No charge."

The telephone rang. Ellen wheeled in her path and picked it up. Automatically, Roberts looked at the clock over the fireplace. It read 10:30.

"Hello?" he heard Ellen say. "Yes. . . . Why, *Grace!* When did *you* get in town? . . . Well, of all people! Where are you staying? . . . I see. . . . Well, nothing, but we were. . . . Oh, Grace, I don't think.... It would be an hour before we could. . . . Well, wait a minute. I'll ask John." She covered the

Of All People

By NATHANIEL BENCHLEY



"Oh, come on, John, don't make a scene," Ellen said, as she took his other arm

mouthpiece with her hand. "It's Grace and Rex Liscomb. They want us to meet them at the Stork. What'll I tell them?"

"Oh, *no!*" Roberts said. "Tell them anything—tell them I just broke my leg. Tell them I'm in labor—just tell them no. Tell them we can't do it."

"Hello, Grace," Ellen said into the phone. "Look, Grace, I'm terribly sorry, but we just can't make it tonight. We were about to go to bed. But how about tomorrow? We'd love to see you. . . . Oh, I see. . . . Oh. . . . Well, how about the day after? . . . I see. . . . Well, it's just that. . . . No, I'm *dying* to see you. You know that. . . . An hour? . . . An hour and no more? . . . Wait a minute." She put her hand over the mouthpiece again. "They say just come down for an hour. Just for one drink. They can't make it any other night this week. She says she won't take no for an answer. What can I say?"

"That's up to you," Roberts said. "Say anything you feel like."

"Look, Grace," Ellen said "It'll take us an hour to get dressed and get down there. . . . Well, if you're sure. . . . All right, then. We'll be there. . . . Good." She hung up, and looked resignedly at Roberts. "There wasn't anything I could do," she said. "She just kept insisting."

Roberts sat still for a moment, then closed his magazine with a slap. "You could have kept saying no," he said.

"I know, but we haven't seen them for two years, and they're only here for a few days. And I'm very fond of Grace, really; I wouldn't want her to think I was giving her the brushoff."

"I know, I know, I know." Roberts stood up and ran his hand over his chin. "She was very nice to you in the summer of 1943. I know all about it. I've heard it time and again." He went into the bathroom, shedding his clothes as he walked, and turned on the hot water with a savage twist.

"Look." Ellen followed him into the bathroom. "If you feel that strongly about it, I'll go down there alone. I'll tell them you just couldn't make it. You can go to bed and forget all about it."

"Sure. That would be great, wouldn't it?" He fumbled with a new razor blade, and dropped the top of the razor. "That would be just fine."

"Actually, you know, they're as much your friends as they are mine," Ellen said, stiffly. "I don't know why *you* should feel so put-upon."

"Sure, sure." He began to lather his face, and she stood there, looking at him. "Come on," he said, impatiently. "Get started. The sooner we get down there the sooner we'll get this over with." She turned and went into the bedroom; he heard the screech of hangers as she swam among the dresses in her closet, and from beyond, in the living room, came the booming music of the symphony records.

In the taxi going downtown, neither of them spoke more than a dozen words. Ellen gripped the hand strap and looked out her window at the rainy streets; Roberts, who had developed a headache, lighted three cigarettes in succession, and put each one out after a couple of drags. Finally, as they turned into Fifty-third Street, Ellen reached over and patted his hand.

"Be brave," she said. "It'll all be over soon."

He smiled briefly. "It better be," he said.

A tuxedoed attendant greeted them inside, and unsnapped the gold door chain. "Evening, Mr. Roberts," he said. "Two?"

"No," said Roberts. "We're meeting a couple here. A Mr. and Mrs. Liscomb. I don't know where they're sitting."

The attendant looked around, and Roberts and his wife hesitated in the doorway; then, above the noise of the music, they heard a shrill voice calling, "Yoo hoo!" and saw a hand fluttering above the people at the tables near the bar. Below it was Grace Liscomb's popeyed, doll-like face, and then Rex Liscomb stood up, grinning broadly, and beckoned to them. As he followed Ellen to the table, Roberts

felt the muscles in the back of his neck stiffen.

"Well, Jack, you old son of a gun!" Liscomb said, at the same time that Grace was embracing Ellen and saying, "I just *knew* you wouldn't be snooty to little old us! I just *knew* you'd come! Ellen, baby, you're looking wonderful!" She turned to Roberts and said, "Jack, honey, it's good to see you! My, but haven't you got heavier, though!" Then she gave a little shriek. "Oh, that mustache! What *did* you grow a mustache for?"

"I had it the last time you saw me," said Roberts, sitting down. "I've had it for years."

"Oh, but it looks so horrid on you! I *do* wish you'd shave it off!"

"I'm sorry," Roberts said, coldly.

"Let's get something to drink here," said Liscomb. He looked behind him, snapped his fingers, and then whistled at a passing waiter. "Boy!" he called, but the waiter paid no attention. "Worth a man's life to get any service around here," Liscomb went on, as a waiter appeared on the other side of him. "Oh—there you are. Where you been hiding yourself? Now, let's see—what'll you have, Ellen?"

"Scotch," she said, and Roberts said, "Same for me."

"Two Scotches, and a Bourbon for me, and another Planter's Punch for the lady." The waiter left, and Liscomb added, "And make it snappy," then he looked at Roberts, smiled, and reached over and patted Roberts on the stomach. "You have put on a little weight there, boy," he said. "You ought to watch that. It gets harder to take off, you know."

"Three or four pounds," Roberts said. "No more."

"Oh, don't try to give me that. When you came over toward us, I thought you were carrying a couple of saddle bags on you. I'm not fooling, Jack—you ought to exercise more."

"I get all I need."

"You know who he puts me in mind of, honey?" Grace cut in. "With that mustache, and the weight, and all?"

"No—who?" Liscomb said.

"Guy Fillmore."

Liscomb looked back at Roberts. "Now that you mention it, he does," he said. "Only Guy's a little heavier."

"Not much, he isn't. Guy's got the same eyes, and his mouth's the same. Paunchy like."



"Oh, No!" Roberts said. "Tell them anything—Tell them I'm in labor."

"Guy isn't as tall as Jack, I don't think," Liscomb said. "Stand up a minute, Jack. Let me see."

"I won't move until I know who Guy Fillmore is," said Roberts, trying hard to sound jovial.

"Guy? Oh, surely you've heard us speak of Guy. He's a lawyer back home, but he's one of the best fellows to have on a party you ever did see. I remember last New Year's Eve—" Liscomb was interrupted by the waiter with their order, and he personally directed the placing and pouring of each drink. Then he stirred his own highball and sipped it.

"I tell you, Jack," Liscomb went on, "there's a place back home that beats any place I've ever seen, anywhere. It beats the Twenty-one Club, it beats the Stork Club, and it's on the main road, about five miles out of town. It's on the left-hand side, after you pass the Hartson place. You know where I mean?"

"No," said Roberts. "I've never been down there."

Liscomb blinked. "Well, anyway," he began, and as he went on to describe the Cactus Club, Roberts listened to Grace's fast, nasal voice, talking to Ellen. He nodded to Liscomb, and said "yes" every now and then, but all the time he was listening to Grace.

"I'll swear," she was saying, "we've just seen so many plays that I'm kind of woozy. We've been every night since we got here, and to all the matinees, and I just never *did* have such a whirl. And I think that 'Southwest Pacific' is the most divine play I ever did see—it's just glorious."

"You mean '*South* Pacific,' don't you?" said Ellen, smiling.

"Oh, yes—anyway, it's the one with Henry Fonda in it. My, he's just the cutest little old thing in all the *world*. I told Rex I wanted to take Henry Fonda back home with me when we go, but Rex said—"

"Do you think you could see your way clear to doing it?" Liscomb asked, and Roberts started.

"Doing what?" he said. "I mean—"

"Of coming down. It would be damned good for you."

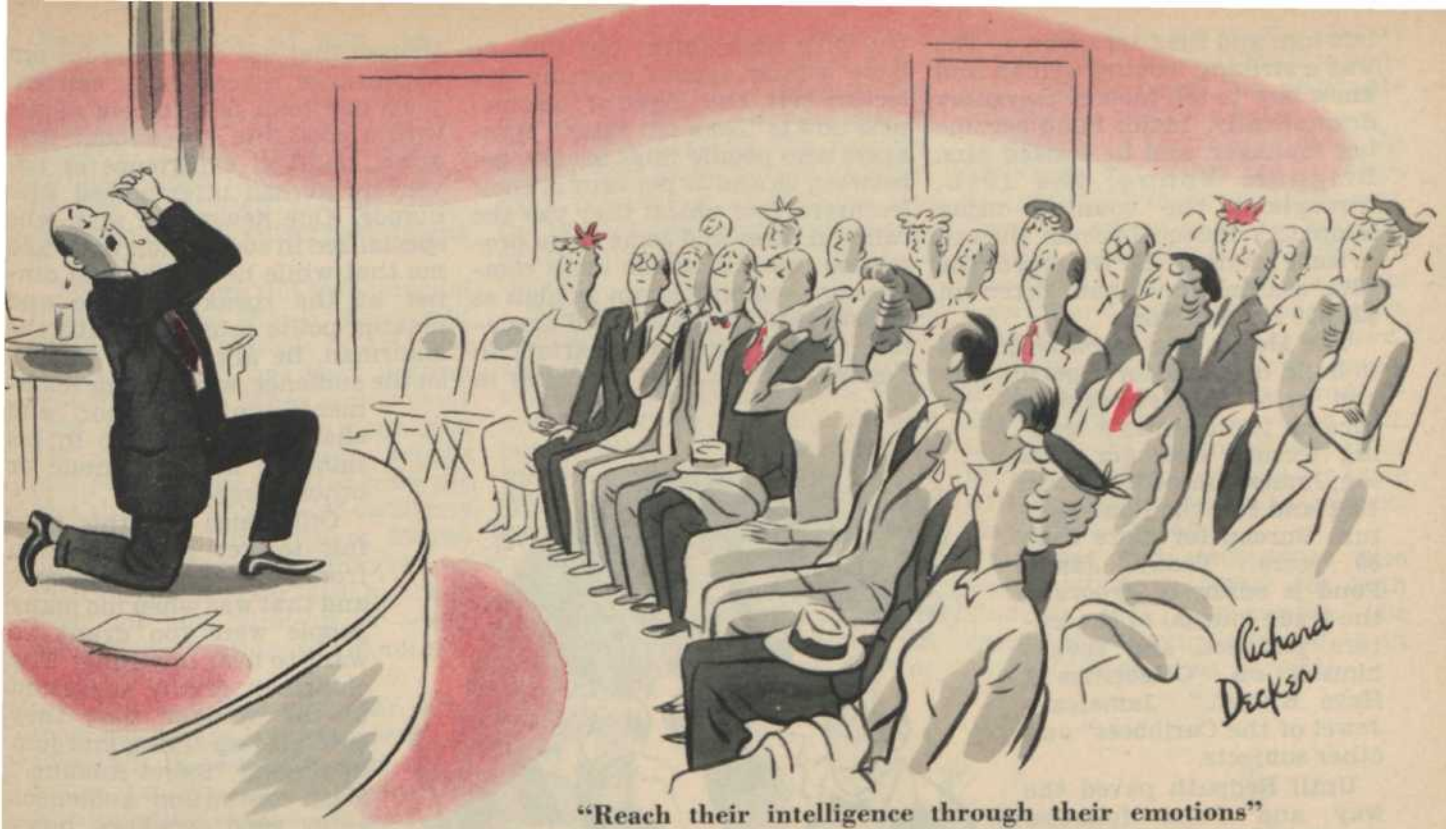
"Oh," said Roberts. "I don't see how. I'm awfully busy right now, and I don't get a vacation until August. But thanks just the same."

"Well, this would be in the line of a business trip, anyway," Liscomb said. "You know, you New Yorkers get all shut up here and don't realize what's going on in the rest of the country. There are great things going on. You ought to get out and see for yourself."

"Like what, for instance?" Roberts' head was pounding, and the drink had not helped any.

"Now, you see? Just the way you answer proves my point. You don't think there's anything outside of New York that's worth anything.

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"Reach their intelligence through their emotions"

Gold from Silver Tongues

By M. R. WERNER

WITH thousands of seasonal dates to fill, lecturing has taken seven-league strides since Mrs. Brigham Young started out in the 1860's

TALK IS golden in the United States, where more people spend more money each year to hear more people speak than anywhere else in the articulate world. The first American lecturers, if you don't count Indian powwow artists, were the great Puritan divines like Increase Mather and his son, Cotton, who began exhorting the early settlers to be good—or else—not long after they had landed on that "stern and rock-bound coast" of Massachusetts. Since then lecturing has become a major art and a minor industry.

The first lecture fees were voluntary contributions dropped into New England church boxes and plates. Today, the best guessers say the 2,500 to 3,000 touring lecturers and an incalculable number of local ones gross $10,000,000 a year. This can only be a rough estimate because the highly competitive lecture managers don't like to mention nets and grosses and because nobody knows just how much the occasional lecturers take in.

Before the Civil War, committees of leading citizens throughout the country used to write preachers, literary men, actors, humorists and men with causes at heart inviting them to lecture or read from their works. The forums were church socials and other functions, payment an "honorarium," usually traveling expenses and a small fee. Slavery and temperance were the big controversies, with occasional forays into Mormonism. Readings from the Bible and Shakespeare provided the entertainment. Religious leaders who, in those days without numerous universities, movies, television and automobiles, arranged for lectures and entertainment, were dead set against the theater as sinful and regarded anything requiring a drop curtain as wicked.

But the Civil War, like all wars, loosened taboos. The men who returned to their towns and villages after four years of fighting were eager for both information and entertainment and were relieved of traditional restraints. The public, too, was eager to hear about their Civil War experiences, and war heroes became big drawing cards.

James B. Redpath, an enterprising journalist and ardent antislavery agitator, was the first man to organize the lecture business. In 1867 he founded the Boston Lyceum Bureau, offering talent to clergymen and others without burdening them with the task of seeking out individual lecturers. A Redpath Bureau still operates with main offices in Chicago.

During his antislavery work in "Bloody" Kansas just before the Civil War, Redpath had met James B. Pond. After the war, Major Pond wandered out to Utah, where he met Ann Eliza Young, the only one of Brigham Young's 27 wives who

left him and sued for divorce. She was a striking looking woman and knew how to tell tales of polygamy dramatically. Major Pond became her manager, and he booked Mrs. Brigham Young, the 19th, throughout the country, using Redpath's Boston Lyceum Bureau in some sections. By the end of the 1873 season Pond had taken in $20,000 for Ann Eliza.

The Major, who knew both how to build up a platform personality and write a blurb, rapidly became the country's leading lecture manager. His son, James, succeeded him in 1901 and ran the Pond Lecture Bureau for more than 30 years. Today, James Pond is editor of *Program*, the trade journal of the lecture business, and speaks himself on "Celebrities I Have Known," "Jamaica—Jewel of the Caribbees" and other subjects.

Until Redpath paved the way and Pond followed closely after, lecturers were content with fees of about $50. When Redpath got a fee of $500 in Providence for Senator Charles Sumner, the cranky Civil War orator from Massachusetts, the news got around quickly. Redpath took ten per cent as his commission. Today fees range from $150 to as high as $1,500, with only a few top names commanding the latter figure.

Clare Boothe Luce, who is going out in January, February and March, commands top fees for her talk entitled "The Quality of Greatness," in which she will discuss a great man or woman selected by a local committee from a list she submits in advance. Ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia got high fees last season because people wanted to see a king even though he was no longer working at it and because Yugoslavia and Tito were in the news a lot that season.

The average lecturer doesn't do nearly so well as Mrs. Luce or King Peter. The backbone of the business is in the $300 to $400 bracket, and the average fee is between $250 and $300. Admission charges still range from $1 to $2.50, as they did in the 1870's and '80's when Major Pond was taking P. T. Barnum, Mark Twain, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, and other celebrities around the country.

Today lecture managers don't go out with their talent but they do have selling agents covering the lecture belt. The slogan of the business now is "Let's sell dates." Managers who peddle talks usually get between 25 and 35 per cent of their lecturers' fees unless they pay the railroad fares and some extra promotion costs, in which cases commissions sometimes run as high as 50 per cent. The Associated Executive Clubs, with headquarters in Topeka, Kansas, and branches in New York and Princeton, N. J., run by a man named Benjamin Franklin, buys blocs of lecturers' time and resells them at a mark-up to business men's clubs and other community groups.



The chairman suggested giving up and trying to sing "Sweet Adeline" instead

There are an estimated 20,-25,000 lecture outlets in the United States for professional talent and an indefinite number of occasional and free lectures going on every day and every night. The big buyers of talk are the men's clubs, like Rotary, Kiwanis, Knife & Fork, and others, the 8,000 women's clubs throughout the country, the colleges and universities, the commercial town halls in major cities, some educational institutes and many religious groups and trade conventions.

Fifty per cent of the speakers at conventions of business men are hired from lecture bureaus. Although they are only good for one appearance a year, such conventions pay high fees for big names with a good line of economic lowdown, political experience or adventure abroad interspersed with humor. One newspaper man who specialized in convention work told me that while he was having dinner at the speaker's table and making polite table talk with the chairman, he always had his eye on the audience, watching developments on the floor and changing his speech in his mind to meet alcoholic or other trends.

Only once did this man fail to get any attention from a convention audience and that was when too many people were too drunk to want to hear anything. The chairman finally suggested to the speaker that they both give up trying and join in singing "Sweet Adeline." Most convention audiences enjoy good speakers, however, and listen to them attentively.

In the average case, if the lecturer takes his audience seriously, they are apt to take him seriously. Unless he is naturally a funny man, he had better avoid straining at the leash of humor. Audiences, and particularly convention audiences, are quick to detect the synthetic joke and either don't laugh at all or do so with polite pain.

A man with a reputation for funny stories, like Bennett Cerf, the professional raconteur and publisher, can't go in for economics or politics on the side. No one wants to listen to Groucho Marx on Karl Marx unless he is uproarious, and no one wants to listen to a lecture on capitalism or socialism stuffed with jokes like olives with peppers.

One successful lecturer told me, "You've got to reach the audience's intelligence via their emotions, and that sometimes takes quite a lot of doing." Everyone in the business practically admits that the best platform personality since the death of William Lyon Phelps is John Mason Brown, drama critic and litterateur, who lectures under the same title as his column in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, "Seeing Things," and packs 'em in. Brown is glib, quick, easy, witty and never patronizing, but even he began to fall down a bit when he tried talking about the international situation instead of the lighter

themes expected of him. Spontaneity is the lecturers' biggest asset, and audiences are quick to appreciate adjustability to circumstances. They also like a lecturer's intimacy with them and his confidence in himself and in them, provided he isn't either patronizing or bumptious.

Some lecturers run into unusual hazards. Julius Bloom, director of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, which has been putting on lectures and other events since 1823, and now presents more than 400 attractions a season, recalls many crises. One resulted from the fact that the 42-year-old Academy of Music Building, where 250,000 people went for entertainment and instruction last year, also has been used for the wind-up of every Democratic Presidential candidate in recent years.

In October, 1948, when Mr. Truman was making his last speech in Brooklyn in the 2,200 seat opera house, Dr. William G. Niederland was lecturing in the 1,400 seat concert hall nearby. Dr. Niederland was discussing psychoanalysis, almost as popular a subject as politics. One lady complained of great confusion when she found that the talk on obsessions and complexes was not the one sponsored by the Democratic National Committee. Dr. Niederland was so good, however, that she contentedly stayed to hear him out.

When President Roosevelt talked at the Academy of Music, toward the end of his 1944 campaign, the police wouldn't let the regular lecturer of the evening, who was to talk on astronomy, through the police lines. A posse from the management had to be sent out to get him.

Another of Bloom's lecturers got lost in Brooklyn and was taken to the Pratt Institute and various other institutes by unliterary taxi drivers. Bloom, who is an astute audience handler, conquered the embarrassment and entertained the audience by giving them bulletins on the lecturer's progress to the hall as soon as they arrived by telephone. Another time a lecturer did not show up at all because his manager had gotten his dates mixed. A frantic call to the manager resulted in the information that two other lecturers with knowledge near enough the subject happened to be in town. "Send them both," Bloom suggested, "and the first man to get here gives the lecture." He told the audience of the plan, and they were delighted at the suspense of a lecture race.

Lecture managers generally agree that the Middle West is the most lucrative field, where higher fees for big names are paid than in most other parts of the country. The further away from huge cities, with competing attractions like the theater and concerts, the more money the lecturer is likely to take in.

Illustrated travel lectures are as popular as anything in the field, and there are hundreds of them available. The magic lantern, however, is as obsolete as the horse and buggy. People demand movies with their travelers, and the movies must be in color. The lure of faraway places is still great, and Burton Holmes, the leader in the illustrated travel field for more than 50 years, will take you anywhere from Alaska to Yucatan to the accompaniment of color movies, while you sit in the warm comfort of your own town hall. He is so popular that he needs two assistants to help out with the dates.

Lectures on the theater draw big audiences, but actors and actresses as a rule don't make good lecturers. Two big exceptions are Adolphe Menjou and Charles Laughton. The average actor or actress needs a script and a director and doesn't have much to say on his or her own. Authors, who often lead lonely lives, are sometimes too introspective to put themselves over well, and they are apt to get scared of their audiences, but there are some writers who are as good as the next man at showing off.

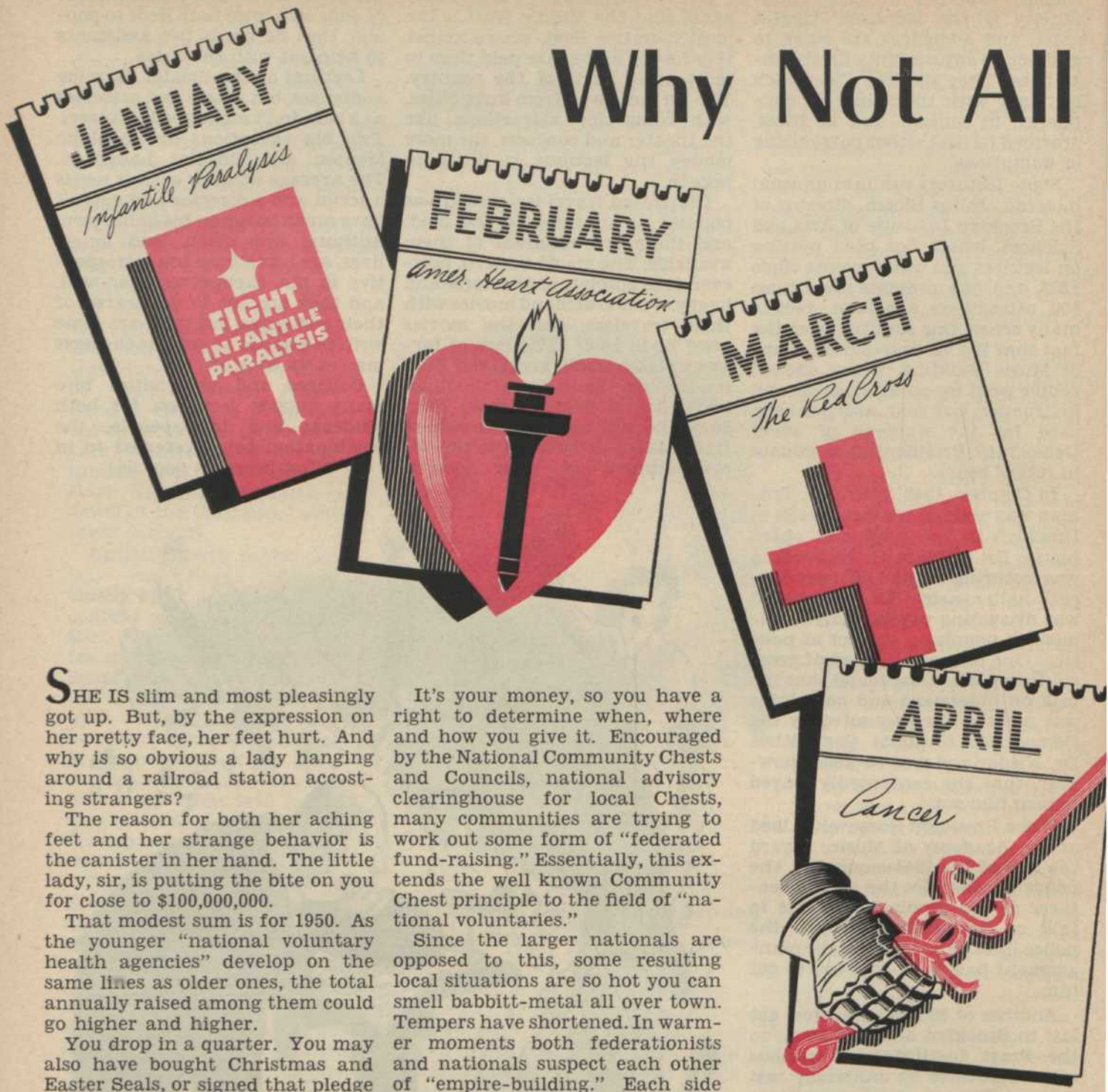
Colleges and universities hire many outside lecturers for both students and townspeople, the combination being referred to in

(Continued on page 56)



Audiences like to participate fervently in the question and answer sessions that follow the formal lecture period

Why Not All



SHE IS slim and most pleasingly got up. But, by the expression on her pretty face, her feet hurt. And why is so obvious a lady hanging around a railroad station accosting strangers?

The reason for both her aching feet and her strange behavior is the canister in her hand. The little lady, sir, is putting the bite on you for close to $100,000,000.

That modest sum is for 1950. As the younger "national voluntary health agencies" develop on the same lines as older ones, the total annually raised among them could go higher and higher.

You drop in a quarter. You may also have bought Christmas and Easter Seals, or signed that pledge or written that check or authorized that payroll deduction to help other national organizations combat tuberculosis or cancer, polio or cerebral palsy, heart disease, or multiple sclerosis.

They are all good causes. Nobody disputes that view. But, there is plenty of dispute over whether the little lady's devotion to just one disease field at a time makes sense. Why independent fund-raising campaigns for each "national voluntary?" Why not consolidate them? Quoting a certain veteran social worker with a wit rare in that arid field:

"Why not put all our begs in one ask-it?"

It's your money, so you have a right to determine when, where and how you give it. Encouraged by the National Community Chests and Councils, national advisory clearinghouse for local Chests, many communities are trying to work out some form of "federated fund-raising." Essentially, this extends the well known Community Chest principle to the field of "national voluntaries."

Since the larger nationals are opposed to this, some resulting local situations are so hot you can smell babbitt-metal all over town. Tempers have shortened. In warmer moments both federationists and nationals suspect each other of "empire-building." Each side accuses the other of having too much in common with "professional fund-raisers," of sometimes subordinating stated aims to expediency in allotting funds.

But this issue—due to heat up soon in your community, if it has not already—is too important to be settled by bilious sniping. The smart thing is to assume, with intelligent good will, that both sides are largely on the level and ask what the row is all about. This is what:

Nobody worried when the picture consisted of only the National Tuberculosis Association's low-power Christmas Seal campaign, long a national institution like baseball's seventh-inning stretch, and the annual Red Cross drive, accepted by everyone as a quasi-governmental affair with well deserved privileges.

In the late 1930's, however, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis—hereinafter called Polio for brevity—started annual high-power national appeals to public sympathy for victims of the widely dreaded and dramatic disease. It worked, in The March of Dimes. In 1949, Polio was able to channel more than $15,000,000 into badly needed research, public and professional education and—a feature distinguishing Polio from most such national agencies—care for

Our Begs in One Ask-It?

By J. C. FURNAS

RIVALRY for your campaign dollar now fills the calendar with fund-raising weeks — and even the cities trying to lick the problem find themselves in hot water



sufferers on an individual basis.

But poliomyelitis is only a minor item among chronic diseases disabling or killing Americans. With the end of World War II, groups specially interested in other ailments flocked to get into the act. Annual national appeals from Polio-style local affiliates under supervising state and national offices are now made by the American Cancer Society, the American Heart Association, the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, the United Cerebral Palsy Associations, the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation—all separate campaigns.

The year is fresh out of months in which to campaign. January—Polio. February—Heart. March—Red Cross. April—Cancer. Easter—Crippled Children Seals. May—Cerebral Palsy. (Because of vacations, summer is no good for fund-raising). October — Community Chest. November—Arthritis. December—Tuberculosis Seals.

A group of zealous doctors and laymen — such as usually start these outfits—planning a parallel American Allergy Foundation would find nowhere to sit down. Allergy could only muscle in on, say, Heart in February, trying to compete for public sympathy by overdrawn wails about the horrors of hives and hay fever. That would be poison. There is already too much competition as to who can cook up the most affecting poster of a sick child.

Nor is this a merely academic problem. Suppose the already existent American Diabetes Association, serving victims of a highly prevalent, chronic disease, should decide to go big-time nationally like Polio? The jam in the calendar would make diabetics stepchildren.

You may never have heard of multiple sclerosis — the tragic "creeping paralysis" that is believed to have killed Lou Gehrig, and affects at least 100,000 Americans. It cries out for case-finding, research and professional educa-

tion as much as polio or rheumatic heart disease. That chockablock calendar already is hampering the courageous start of the new and promising National Multiple Sclerosis Society.

True, common-sense liaison among the older, larger nationals prevents some of the overlapping inevitable when such a field is open to all comers. But United Cerebral Palsy already is in the same picture as the cerebral palsy program of Crippled Children. No wizard could draw an intelligible line between the ostensible assignments of Crippled Children and Polio. As special needs or internal schisms produce other such organizations, further duplication of effort and public confusion are inevitable.

ON THE local level headaches are still worse:

"I've always got saddle sores," says a conscientious civic leader in Dayton, Ohio, where the federation issue is hottest just now. From where he has been sitting—at the head of what seems like a new fund-raising committee every few weeks—Dayton needs federated campaigns as badly as she needed flood-control back in 1913.

As part of their civic duty to good causes, local industry, retailing and labor unions usually back the fund-campaigns of local affiliates of nationals. Gifts from local factory - management and from their employes solicited "in-plant" on company time, often with payroll-deduction covering pledges, frequently bulk large in the picture. (Almost two thirds of Community Chest funds, for instance, come from such sources.) The basic cores of such drives are usually the big brass of local business. All that costs thousands of dollars in impeded production, increased accounting costs and demands on the time and energy of officials drafted to head up still another drive.

Once a year for the Community Chest? With pleasure. Once a year for the Red Cross? O.K. But several more times a year, as other nationals justifiably seek the same privilege for equally good causes—that begins to hurt.

Small wonder that local civic-leader business men listen hard to suggestions that the sensible thing is to let the Chest consolidate the nationals' campaigns with its already operating stable of local good causes. The Chest can include the nationals' appeals in its annual drive and give them a fair cut of the total take. The locals can send their regular percentages to national headquarters for research and expenses, use the balance for local education and case-finding as usual.

No more multiple campaigns, no more public impression that some drive or other always is in the city's hair. Plenty of room in the year for everybody because nobody is hogging a given month. Better assurance that the dollar of the man in the street is divided intelligently, instead of splashed around, catch-as-catch-can.

No experiment ever sounded better. But translating that blueprint into action is a thorny job. Dayton's effort has wound up in a tangle that promises to make history both in the courts and in the field of good-cause financing. It is worth study against the day the issue comes up in your town.

With the blessing of most civic leaders, Dayton in 1949 had its Community Chest ask local affiliates of nationals to come in under the big tent. But not long previously the American Cancer Society —henceforth ACS—had stiffened its "federation" policy. Its affiliates could stay in federated deals already in operation; but no more fresh deals. So the Dayton ACS local had to say no. Believing that no was only temporary, the Chest nevertheless included "cancer" in its promotion and, when the take was in, duly earmarked funds for ACS.

LAST spring, the Dayton ACS asked the city for its customary permit to solicit in April. The citizens' advisory committee passing on solicitation said no. Its position was that the local Chest already had taken care of cancer for that year. After losing an appeal to the city commission, the ACS local skipped its campaign. And last summer the Chest sent ACS national a check for $12,000 in lieu of what the local would have sent had it been permitted to campaign.

The ACS national fired back the check, along with a handful of rock salt in the shape of a lawsuit against the city. The suit charges violation of civil rights and asks injunctions to restore permission to solicit for the cancer campaign in 1951.

Going loyally along with the home-folks, most of the ACS local board resigned and set up a "home-rule" society to play ball with the Chest. But a minority, feeling that ACS was being pushed around, kept the original outfit alive on funds that were already in hand.

The Ohio State ACS, admitting that this defiance of local organized civic spirit bars it from access to corporation gifts and "in-plant" solicitation, claims it doesn't care, since, in Ohio as a whole, only three per cent of ACS funds ever come from such sources anyway. But it does insist on its right to solicit in Dayton in any other legitimate manner, provided its integrity is not impeached—as it never has been. Just as doggedly the Chest plans again to include "cancer" in its next campaign and cut the home-rule society in on appropriate funds. So, as of present writing, Dayton has two rival cancer societies, each earnest, honest and stubborn.

DETROIT'S federationist movement, along somewhat different lines, has met trouble, too.

Partly to reduce the amount of confusion, partly because the local Chest had been disappointing, Detroit industry, commerce and labor teamed up last year to consolidate all causes seeking money, including the Chest. The new super-Chest was called the United Foundation of Metropolitan Detroit, has as its symbol a blazing torch, and the resounding slogan, "Give Once For All." It is commonly referred to as the "Torch Fund."

Some smaller, younger nationals —Arthritis, Cerebral Palsy, Multiple Sclerosis—fell in line. So did the American Heart Association. (Heart's national policy, though gingerly about federation, allows consideration of local federationist propositions on their own merits.) Red Cross, Polio and ACS pleaded national policy against it.

These last were really giving away weight. When Ford, General Motors, Chrysler and the Hudson store get together on something in Detroit it usually goes just about as planned. The Red Cross finally arranged in-plant solicitation "concurrent" with the Torch drive to spare management the grief of cooperation with its regular drive in March. Polio agreed to lay off local in-plant efforts and to get the $100,000 it normally expected from corporations and payrolls solely by putting the bite on corporations. But ACS, the stormy petrel of the nationals, held out. The Torch nevertheless included "cancer" in its drive, Dayton style.

With enthusiastic cooperation from management and labor in working on corporations and pay-

(Continued on page 66)



FREE LANCE PHOTOGRAPHERS GUILD

The Men Behind Safe Water

By GREER WILLIAMS

FEW people hesitate these days to take a drink at a public fountain or out of a tap. Lack of fear can be traced to the work of two New Jersey men of foresight and nerve

TURN ON the nearest faucet anywhere in the United States and the chances are 95 in 100 that the water contains chlorine. The chances are somewhere near that good, furthermore, that this germ killer got there with the help of two old gentlemen from Belleville, N. J. You won't find them in any Who's Who in science or engineering, but Charles F. Wallace and Martin F. Tiernan rank among the great disease fighters of our time.

Wallace and Tiernan began tinkering with water purification 40 years ago, when they were in their 20's and 20,000 Americans were dying each year of typhoid fever, a disease traceable to sewage-polluted water. Today, the annual toll scarcely exceeds 200.

Their tinkering led to what at first glance appears to be a dull triumph of technology—the W & T chlorinator. Designed to dissolve a thimble or so of chlorine gas in every 1,000,000 parts of water passing by, the apparatus does just that. Chlorination thus costs only a few cents per person a year. One chlorinator at the Kansas City, Mo., water works has been in operation 26 years.

Quite frankly business men, they exemplify the simple idea that individual profit and social welfare ultimately add up to the same thing. Rarely seen by the public, their device is a lifesaver,



The first water chlorinator built 40 years ago by C. F. Wallace, left, and M. F. Tiernan was a crude apparatus

as surely as the surgeon's knife or the shot of penicillin.

Health authorities generally agree that chlorination is largely responsible for this 99 per cent reduction in typhoid deaths. Most of the decline took place before typhoid immunization shots were widely available; all of it preceded the eventual discovery two or three years ago of an effective treatment for typhoid (chloromycetin).

So much of the chlorination is done with W & T machines that the Department of Justice in 1941 indicted Wallace and Tiernan charging monopoly.

There is ample evidence, nonetheless, that W & T customers like their chlorinators, not to mention the free emergency service provided during floods or other threats to public health. At $700 and up, the machine comes in all sizes, treating from one gallon to 1,000,000 a minute. Industry is now one of its greatest users.

Chlorination will cut slime mold from the pipes of power plant condensers and eliminate soft spots of bacterial growth in paper, textiles and linoleum. Of importance in steel, rubber or any industry using water, the chlorinator will disinfect anything from a swimming pool to a dishwasher.

Wallace & Tiernan Co., Inc., and its nine corporate satellites are—with one exception to be noted—owned entirely by the two families (Wallace has three grown children; Tiernan, five), and a few highly placed employes. Tiernan, the president and treasurer, does not reveal how many machines or dollars the company has made.

It is a safe guess, however, that the annual gross of the various W & T enterprises has been in the range of $10,000,000 to $15,000,000 since the war.

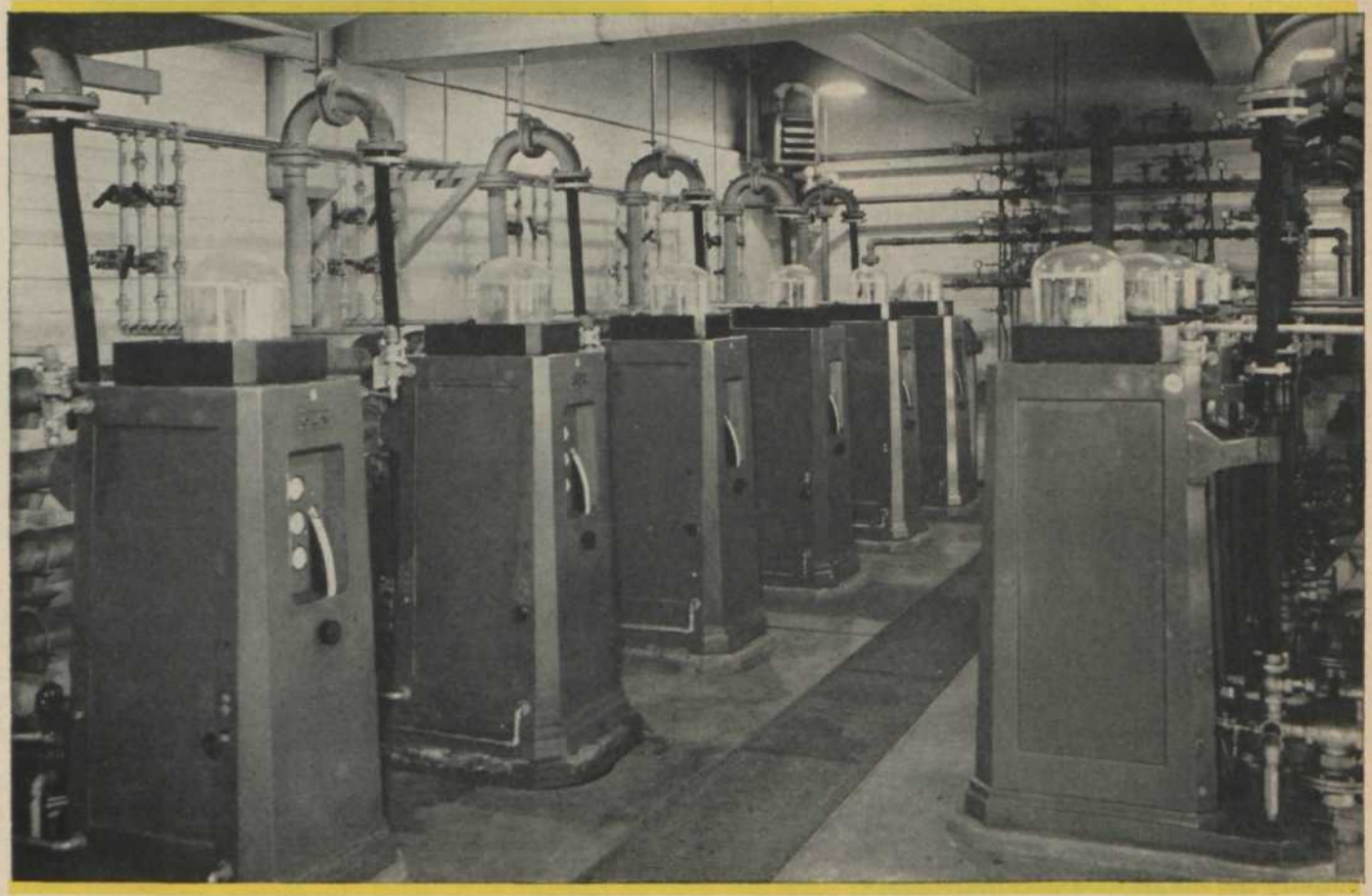
There is, it has been remarked, a natural modesty about both Wallace, the inventor of the chlorinator, and Tiernan, its promoter. For example, Wallace —now, at 65, a short, bald man with a vague, far-away air—regards his machine as of less consequence in water purification than the men and organizations doing the job—sanitary engineers and health officers of local health and water departments.

Tiernan—a silvery-haired, dour-looking, blunt-spoken but fundamentally friendly man of 68—makes no speeches on how smart he was in capturing the chlorination business. He prefers to say, "Ignorance was our greatest asset," or, "I never do a thing myself if I can get someone else to do it better."

It is difficult, on the other hand, to imagine partners with more opposite talents and tastes. Wallace doesn't like to travel; Tiernan loves it. Wallace neither smokes nor drinks; Tiernan does both. Wallace seeks no amusement outside his work except a movie on Tuesday and Thursday nights. Tiernan hunts, shoots, plays golf. "I can beat any man my age," he says, conservatively. Close acquaintances advise, "Don't play games with him if you want to win."

Wallace is the genius. You quickly gather this from one look into his cluttered laboratory, with its ancient roll-top desk full of tubing, valves, fittings and other dusty metallic leftovers from the 73 patents issued to him and his associates (54 in his name alone).

The National Association of Manufacturers in 1940 named him one of the country's 19 leading inventors. No after-dinner speaker, Wallace on such

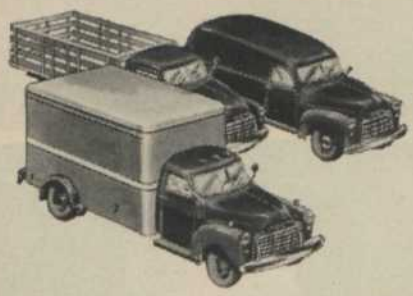


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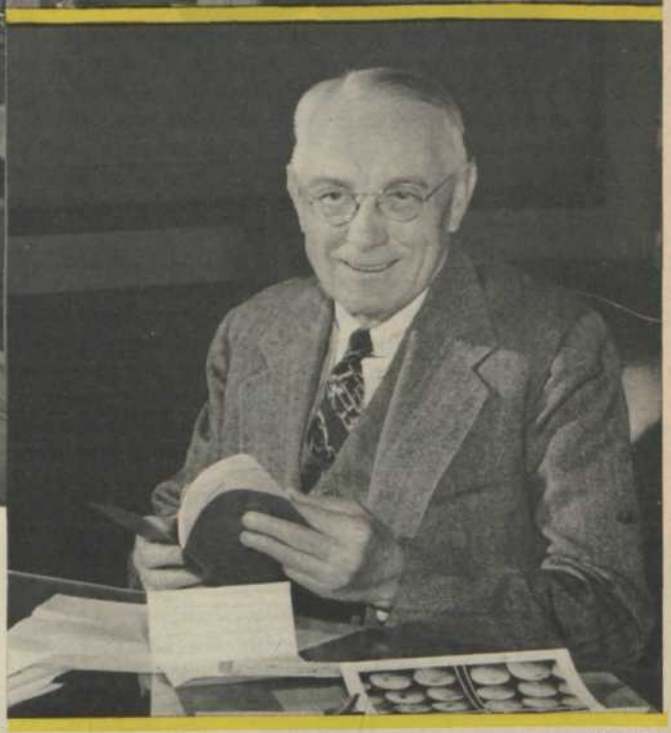
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Address _____

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Wallace wants his inventions where he can get at them, hence the cluttered look of the shelves



NESMITH

Tiernan, president and treasurer of W & T, takes care of the firm's business interests

occasions is moved to say, "Thank you," and sit down.

The ways of business do not interest him. Vice president and secretary of the company, he attends board meetings as a formality. When serious discussions begin, he is likely to make only one point: "Well, I guess you won't need *me*." He then departs for his lab.

At home, Wallace may lie on his couch for hours, gazing at the ceiling and ignoring all family activities around him; yet when he goes to the plant in Belleville (a suburb of Newark), he'd rather walk up four flights of stairs to his laboratory than take the self-service elevator.

Understandably, such a man might confound the legal mind. Coming around to collect several tons of paper recording W & T's dealings with 5,000 or so municipal water works, a Department of Justice investigator found most of what he wanted in Tiernan's unpretentious but orthodox-looking suite of offices. Seeking out Wallace's hideaway on the floor above, the investigator suddenly became suspicious.

"Where are Wallace's files?" he demanded.

His escort waved around the room to the glass-doored cabinets, resembling showcases. Their shelves were loaded with all manner of mechanical memorabilia. You can't file your old inventions so that you can get at them unless you line them up where you can see them, Wallace contends.

The government man passed up all of these exhibits, regarded by some authorities as the real explanation of Wallace & Tiernan's unique status in the chlorination business. A patent, after all, is a government-granted monopoly.

It is a question, of course, whether Wallace's inventions would have influenced the lives of most Americans without Tiernan's self-evident managerial ability. As becoming a financial officer, Tiernan is less transparent in character than his partner. Some of his more than 1,000 employes refer to him as an "old tartar."

A better index to his personality lies in the fact that, every time he bought himself some insurance, bonds or other tokens of providence and security, he bought an equal amount for Wallace. But the latter hasn't seemed too surprised by this unusual consideration. His stock comment when anyone hands him a sheaf of papers is, "Where do I sign?"

On this foundation of faith in one another the partners built a seemingly flawless working relationship. Wallace denies that ill feeling ever has risen between them. Intimates attribute this not only to their respect for each other's independence in his own sphere but to the extension of this separation of interests into their personal lives. The



Your competitors would welcome such a gift!

Wrap up your business and hand it over to your competitors?

You'd never think of such a thing!

Yet, in effect, that is what you might *have to do* should a fire shut up your shop for a time.

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Statistics show, in fact, that nearly half the retail stores closed by fire never reopen.

To make sure you won't have to shut up shop for good—and drive your customers to competitors—you need Business Interruption insurance.

This insurance pays overhead so you can open up again with credit unimpaired. It pays wages of valuable employees so they won't seek work elsewhere and take customers with them.

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The Travelers writes Business Interruption insurance not only against the hazard of fire, but also other hazards—such as windstorm, explosion, riot, civil commotion, and boiler and machinery breakdown.

And this insurance, with few exceptions, costs less per thousand than insurance on the property itself.

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Wallace and the Tiernan families have not mixed, thus avoiding a well known strain on partnerships.

The need for mass chlorination of water had arrived when the two young men, both still single, met in 1909. Chlorine's potentialities were as yet only dimly perceived, however. At various times through the ages people had kettled, settled, aired, strained, boiled, distilled, filtered and doped their water to improve its looks, taste, smell and occasionally its healthfulness.

The inadequacy of filtration methods in meeting the problem was indicated by such ventures as the Gerard Ozone Process Company, a New York firm headed by Wallace's Uncle John.

Its object was to purify water with ozone, an unstable form of oxygen.

Tiernan joined the company as a chemist. Born in Charlotte, N. Y., a suburb of Rochester, the seventh of an Irish immigrant farmer's family of nine, he had worked his way through the University of Rochester and then studied sanitation at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. As assistant bacteriologist for the Pittsburgh Typhoid Fever Commission, he had learned that water sterilization is the key to control of typhoid epidemics.

Wallace came along a few days later as a mechanic. The son of the colonel who signed the $25,000 order for the first Wright brothers flying machine purchased by the Army, he was born in Kansas City and raised on various Army posts. He did not complete his education, at Wooster (Ohio) College and the University of Michigan, before taking a job in the machine shops of a Detroit suburban electric railroad. Tiernan invited Wallace to share his room at the Y. M. C. A.

In the next two years, two ozone companies folded up around Wallace and Tiernan. The gas sterilizes water, but requires costly equipment. In 1911, Tiernan, with $1,000 saved, suggested to Wallace, who had $800, that they form a 50-50 partnership and go into the water-treatment-equipment business themselves.

Their timing was excellent, even if they didn't have anything to sell. In its first two years, their $20 a month machine shop, located in a Manhattan loft building, grossed $1,750, or $50 less than their capital investment.

Meantime, the water works people were getting eager for more practical methods of chlorination. Chloride of lime was tried, Jersey City being the first municipality to use it, in 1908. The results were good, but the stuff was messy to handle. There had been two or three experiments with chlorine gas.

Until then, Wallace and Tiernan knew nothing about chlorine gas. Thanks to Tiernan's nerve, however, they met their first big opportunity more than half way. A small stream was polluting the Jersey City water supply at Dover. Tiernan suggested the city's sanitary director try chlorine gas. The latter agreed when Tiernan offered to build the apparatus for $150 and guarantee its performance.

The partners nearly bankrupted themselves buying their first cylinder of chlorine. Then Wallace sat down to dream up a machine!

The first one blew up under his nose, but somehow he escaped being gassed. Had they to do it all over again, both now agree they wouldn't. Harmless in minute quantities, chlorine can be deadly and highly corrosive. It is as Wallace says, "a nasty thing to work with."

"Ignorance," explains Tiernan, "kept us going."

On Washington's Birthday, 1913, the original W & T chlorinator was ready to go. They set it up in the tool shop of a drill company on the bank of the polluted creek, piped the chlorine into the stream and turned on the gas. The sanitary director saw the bubbles rise, sniffed chlorine in the air and pronounced the water properly dosed!

The next morning, someone from the drill company telephoned and wanted to know what was in that machine.

It had sprung a leak and corroded the tools, he said, so the workmen had heaved it out the window. The young chlorine kings rebuilt the apparatus in a separate shanty and all went well thereafter.

Soon Tiernan had other orders. Stamford, Conn., had a variable flow in its water mains, and wanted a chlorinator that would automatically vary its output of chlorine so that the proportion would remain constant.

It was then that Wallace invented the automatic valve which made the W & T chlorinator, as time went on, the preferred machine for killing bacteria in 50 per cent of the world's drinking water supply. The first model of this revolutionary automatic chlorinator was built in three or four days. Operated by a $5 toy electric motor and six flashlight batteries, it

Rent a Geiger Counter

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You don't have to buy 'em, either—they're apt to cost several hundred dollars. They're for rent. If you have a reasonably honest face, plus the amount of a small deposit, you can pick up a Geiger counter and the equipment that goes with it and, when you bring it back in the evening, all you're out of is $5.

This is quite a modest investment should you happen to locate a uranium mine while wandering about.

These rent-a-Geiger-counter stands have sprouted up around the Coconino National Forest in northern Arizona, in which vicinity some rather important uranium deposits have been discovered. It used to be that people vacationing or meandering through these parts would carry a pan with them and stop along the various creeks and sluices to see if perchance they might not pick themselves up a few ounces of gold here and there. But now everybody is renting Geiger equipment and going around listening for the faintest stirring of the radioactive indicator.

One of the recent Geiger counter renters was Jimmy Stewart, the movie actor, who was on location making a picture. His instrument didn't get emotional at all, and the lanky leading man turned it back in without having discovered a fortune.

It seems, though, that even when the Geiger counter stirring is down to rock bottom negligibility, people feel it's worth the rental fee—just for the thrill of strapping on the harness and having the sensation that they have at last stepped into the atomic era.

—HAROLD HELFER

"worked almost perfectly" from the start.

To many it may seem incredible that Wallace could invent something almost any time Tiernan asked for it. It is not so surprising to those who know him. Take the time Wallace bought his first automobile, some 30 years ago. Its carburetor bore some similarity in principle to his chlorinator except that it lacked an automatic mixture control. Presently, he developed a carburetor with an automatic choke, much the same as that found on today's carburetors. He was before his time; the automobile industry was not interested then.

Due to Wallace's inventiveness and Tiernan's love of the new and the exploitable, they now manufacture a bewildering number of products in 15 distinct fields. These range from lighthouse and navigation buoy flasher lights to a remedy for athlete's foot, from a system of cooling beer kegs to wound antiseptics and burn ointments, from certain secret sound-locating devices used in the war to processes for preserving oranges and aging bread flour.

Tiernan finds logic in his violation of the dictum that it's dangerous to get spread-eagled in too many different lines of business.

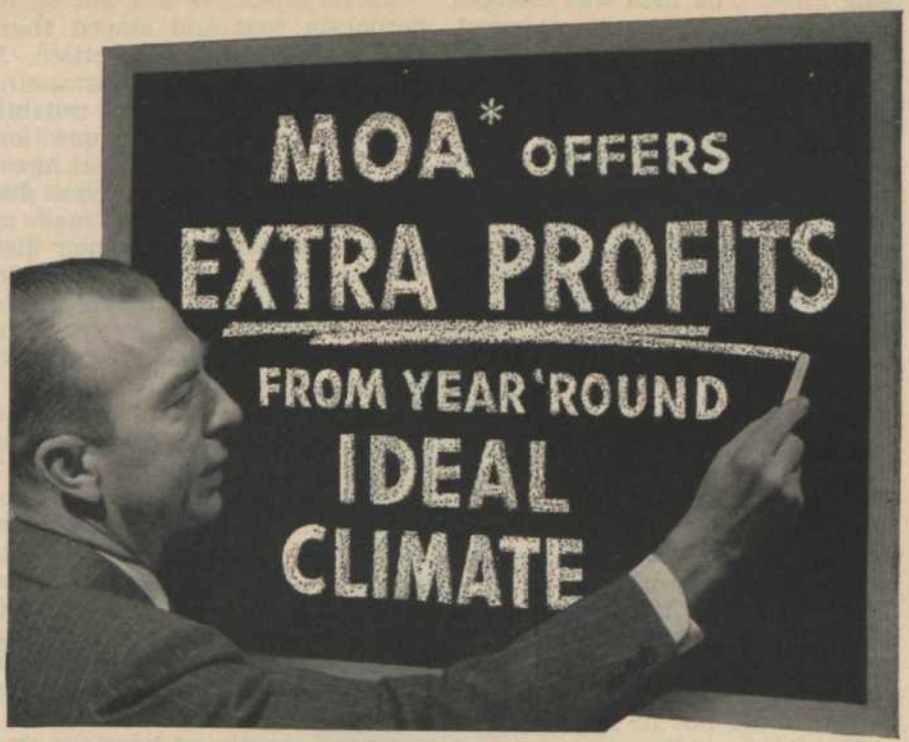
"We pursue two types of research," he explains. "One, we call developmental. We say, 'Here's a problem—solve it.' The other is defensive. 'Here's an idea,' we say. 'Where can we apply it?' "

Perhaps diversification has served W & T so well because it satisfies both inventive and promotional temperaments. Or maybe it works for them because Tiernan's first rule of business is, "Keep out of debt!"

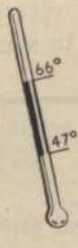
Such a roving industrial eye as his is naturally bound to be deceived once in a while. To illustrate, in the 1920's the fad of inhaling a little chlorine mixed with a lot of air swept the country. Certain reputable physicians were then of the opinion that this treatment was a cure for the common cold. President Coolidge tried it. Senators, too, got their whiff of chlorine and share of the publicity.

W & T apparatus for chlorine-whiffing was just going on the market when the New York City Health Department published an adverse report. The way the order cancellations came in at W & T, it appeared that there might be need for old-fashioned smelling salts.

There was need for much more than that to relieve the anguish arising three years ago from one



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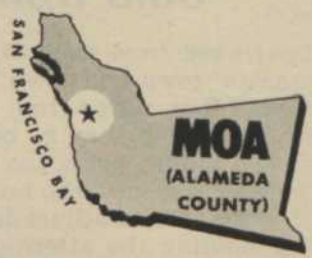


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of W & T's most profitable chlorine side lines. The firm was charged with poisoning the nation's bread.

It all began back in 1919 when W & T, with the encouragement of the millers, set out to develop a process for bleaching and aging flour so that it would bake up in a whiter, fluffier, "bold" loaf of bread. The company's chemist, Dr. John C. Baker, found the answer—nitrogen trichloride—and patented it under the name of Agene.

For more than 25 years all went well, and millers used Agene for treating their flour. To market the process, the Novadel-Agene Corporation was formed, with W & T owning 40 per cent of the stock and the rest being publicly held.

Then, in 1947, a British scientist reported that Agenized flour was giving his laboratory dogs barking fits. This was an alarming suggestion. In the commotion that followed, cranks popped up and said American bakers were "feeding people bread not fit for a dog."

The Food and Drug Administration didn't know what to say. It sets pure food standards, but has no power to ban a food from the market, as it has with unsafe drugs. Anyway, it didn't know whether Agene was harmful or not as far as humans were concerned.

To its credit, W & T got on its corporate toes and stayed there until the question was settled. It financed tests by an outstanding nutritional expert, whose reliability was hardly open to question. He found, sure enough, that Agenized flour did cause a nervous disorder in dogs, but only if it made up at least 50 per cent of their diet. Human beings? Try as he could, he could not give human volunteers barking fits, or even the jitters. Agene would not even make an epileptic nervous.

The product remained in use, safe enough but a bit sullied in reputation. Meanwhile W & T chemists sought and found a substitute. The company and its miller customers then petitioned FDA to withdraw approval of Agene and accept chlorine dioxide instead. The new compound was almost as good as nitrogen trichloride for bread purposes, and made neither man nor dog twitch.

In the months of hearings that followed, the British scientist who started the fuss wound up testifying in W & T's behalf. The FDA approved the change-over, effective Aug. 1, 1949.

The cost of converting to a new process bit deeply into Novadel-Agene's 1949 profits, but thanks to Tiernan's policy of diversified dabbling, the corporation was still very much in business. Counting its so-called Kooler Kegs for beer and some vitamin and peroxide lines it had picked up along the way, Novadel-Agene netted $1,170,000, before taxes. This meant a profit of nearly $500,000 to the W & T company from this source alone.

Tiernan loses his tartness and becomes relatively benign when discussing bits of his philosophy—"Do a good job and you'll get paid for it"—but he grows high-tempered and terse when anyone brings up the Department of Justice's charges of antitrust law violations. A federal court dismissed the 1941 indictment, but the Department of Justice kept the charges alive by filing a criminal information.

If the case ever comes to trial, the more romantic-minded might feel that the Government's definition of public enemies could be improved.

The two old gentlemen from Belleville can rightfully claim to have supplied the nation—and to a great extent the world—with the means of saving hundreds and thousands of lives.

Gold from Silver Tongues

(Continued from page 45)

the trade as "town and gown," but professors often suffer from academic blight when they go before the general public, being too used to talking to students who have to take it to be able to adjust to the need for holding the attention of people who don't come to them for marks or diplomas.

Since the last war the level of audiences has been higher, according to lecture managers, and they like to participate fervently and intelligently in the question and answer period. They know more, are more thoughtful and more interested in world affairs than they used to be in the garish, isolationist 1920's.

The lecture business has sometimes been called "the business of wars and depressions." Foreign and war correspondents were listened to with attention not only for their accounts of what had happened but for their interpretations and predictions. Soldiers and spies also were popular.

The public got fed up soon after the war with things too close to the troublesome news and escaped into uplift, inspiration and entertainment.

Now, with the Korean war worrying people and fear of worse to come prevalent, a return to the topical, and especially "whither Russia?" is expected during the 1950-51 season. Some writers and lecturers made for Japan and Korea fast so that they could be back in time to tell audiences about the new war during the winter and spring.

During depressions people crave diagnoses of what ails them economically and prescriptions for the maladies.

The value of a lecturer and his subject fluctuates as do those of winter wheat and cotton futures, but not so fast. Since lectures are often booked as long as 12 months ahead, subjects are sometimes perishable. In some cases circumstances make a lecturer more valuable when he goes out than when he was booked. Clifton Fadiman, for instance, was signed up for as little as $125 a lecture before he became a smash hit as the master of ceremonies on "Information Please." Afterward he could be sold for ten times as much, but he faithfully fulfilled the $125 dates already contracted for.

The movies, radio, the automobile and travel have become big competitors for the lecture dollar, and nobody dares predict what television may do to the business. Despite a decline from the boom lecture trade of the 1880's, when Mark Twain pulled himself out of bankruptcy on the platforms of the world, people still want to see and hear live celebrities with messages, experience, adventure, wit or wisdom, and in the case of the female of the species, beauty. But if it is to hold up its head in an electronic and atomic age, the lecture business will need a central development bureau, market analyses and the other paraphernalia for selling its talk.

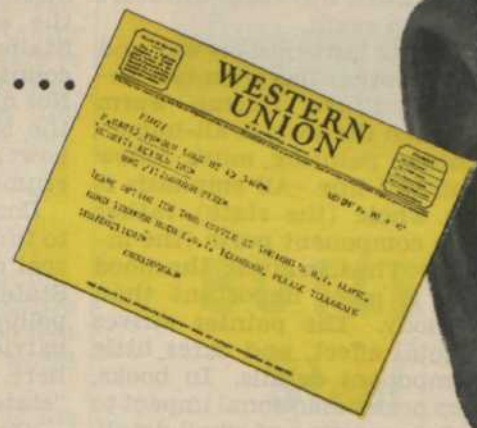
One old-timer, nostalgic for the days of Chautauqua, which from 1874 to 1924 was the most successful circus of culture the United States or any other country had ever seen, complained of the lack of old-time oratory. "It's just conversational tones and man-to-man, and it's all so reasonable and understanding!" he said. "You might just as well stay home and read a book."

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and out

the other

when you send a telegram



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The Weather Tells Our Fortunes

(Continued from page 36)

wave of democratic reform. Indeed, a revolution was under way. Russia did not start it, but was quick enough to see what was happening and grabbed control—just as American Communists have seized control of a few labor unions. Inevitably, Wheeler believes, the Chinese will throw out their Communist bosses.

Russia? Wheeler notes: "Russia was on the winning side of the war and that delayed revolt. The armed might of the police force is a further deterrent. But the potentialities of a democratic revolt are there. This may break into the open on Stalin's death, when the struggle for supreme power will tear the country with factionalism. That is what the weather cycle says should happen. And that is what I believe will happen."

THE 1935 list contained other predictions since proved right. The curve indicated mild drought in the late '40's. The New York City water supply threatened to run dry, Vermont farmers hauled water to fill their wells, the old Dust Bowl started to blow again. And Wheeler foresaw a rise in the birth rate that always goes with cool weather. The decline in French population stopped, and America recorded an all-time high birth rate in 1947. People like to attribute this to the war. Wheeler observes that the same thing happened in the animal world—and animals don't read newspapers.

The world's mean temperature, according to records of 700 scattered stations, went up from 52 degrees in the 1860-1900 period to 55 for the four decades following. Wheeler's translation of this increase is dramatic; he sees it as equivalent to the movement of New York to the latitude of Baltimore, Portland to that of San Francisco and Chicago to a point near St. Louis, with the last named city drifting down the Mississippi toward New Orleans. "A difference of three degrees doesn't seem like much," he says, "but going the other way it could mean an ice age if it kept up long enough."

Numerous pseudo-scientists have moved into print in this century with stories about permanent world temperature increases. Wheeler fears these stories because they imply erroneously that the condition is continual and permanent. Unless we take proper precautions against the coolness to come when the pendulum swings the other way, he warns, we are in for all manner of trouble. Home builders in the North who have used materials too light and have not sunk their pipes deeply enough will shiver in waterless abodes. Farmers should be experimenting with faster growing crops instead of the slower and on plants able to withstand earlier and later frosts.

"To lull the country into the belief that the world will continue to get warmer may cost the country untold millions of dollars," he said recently. "I have been saying these things for 15 years. And my 'forecasts' are already coming true."

What lies beyond 1950? The rest of this century will be generally cold, with the thermometer climbing to the warm side for two short periods, in 1952 and 1970. Since war occurs almost solely in warm weather periods, these are danger points. If we get over these bumps we should have peace until the year 2000 when the world will start warming up again.

Besides its influence on war and politics, weather has a similar impact on culture. During warm times, when the state is all-important, books, painting, music follow the political line. All emphasis is on the whole (the state) rather than on component parts (the individual). Thus, in music, the mood created is more important than the melody. The painter strives for a total effect, and cares little for component details. In books, authors prefer emotional impact to a careful reporting of small detail. Thus Ravel and Stravinsky are typical warm-period composers; Picasso and Matisse painters; Proust and Joyce writers.

ALL this will change in the cold period ahead. We will go back to the cold weather pattern that ruled the Victorian era. The last half of the nineteenth century was generally cold. The last half of the twentieth will be similarly cold. Our tastes will change to conform to the Victorian pattern. We will prefer writers like Dickens and Twain to the Hemingways and Wolfes. In painting the shift will be to simpler themes done in great detail. Already, such a shift is becoming apparent. Grandma Moses is having her vogue and museums are hanging pictures that have been in storerooms for decades. The moody music of the '20's is giving way to melody, as witness the success of "South Pacific," the many revivals of Victor Herbert. The quick death of discordant bop follows this pattern.

As greater stress on the individual develops in the cold period, there will be other changes. Rather than submerging himself, the individual will seek greater self expression. We will find ourselves tiring of the harsh functionalism of modern architecture, returning to the modern equivalent of the ornate Victorian period, which expressed the tastes of the individual. This trend, incidentally, is already apparent in home furnishings.

The trend is also apparent in clothes, particularly men's clothing. In the hot '20's and '30's all men strove to dress alike. Look at today's neckties or at the gaudy sports shirts, swim trunks and other items of apparel. These are signs of the times; forerunners of still brighter male plumage.

WARM periods build up strong central governments. In cool periods emphasis is on decentralization. In the warm '20's and '30's dictatorships sprouted throughout the world. Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin blossomed. Dozens of small countries had their "strong men." Nor did we escape the trend. Under the New Deal, states surrendered power to the strongest central government we have ever had.

Dozens of dictatorships started to tumble when the world began to cool off in 1944. Since the United States fights its revolutions at the polling booth instead of on the barricades, there has been a lag here. Just the same, the words "states' rights"—almost forgotten—are beginning to have political meaning again. States are clamoring for power lost to Washington.

Just as governments tend to centralize in warm periods, so do people. They flock to the cities. When cool weather arrives, this is reversed. A back-to-the-country movement already is under way and will continue to grow.

In the cooler years ahead, rugged individualism will blossom again. These will be years of good manners, gaiety, stricter morals, less divorce. Depressed groups will gain greater freedom. The admittance of Negroes to southern colleges, and their gain of equal franchise are early symptoms. Light opera will flourish and grand opera decline.

A religious revival always occurs

in cold periods—the mystical, intellectual concept of God giving way to the personal God of the evangelical religions. Businesswise, depressions always occur in dry periods. Accordingly, there should be a severe depression when the weather curve reaches the bottom of the cold-dry cycle in the 1960's.

In the longer pull, Wheeler sees a great world crisis ahead in the year 2000, at which point the 510- and 170-year cycles come together. Rome's final collapse came when the two curves met, and Charlemagne's empire fell apart. At another point of meeting the Middle Ages gave way to the Renaissance. In each instance an old world died; a new one was born.

WHAT will the new world, due to be born in 2000 A.D., look like? It will, Wheeler thinks, be a Renaissance far broader and more dramatic than the one which occurred in the fifteenth century. "The new world," he says, "will not be governed by Communism, but by a new democracy broader and more effective than any the world has known to date."

To support all these contentions, Wheeler has a staggering amount of data on past performance of world cultures. The great mass of this data is contained in a book which, when opened, measures seven feet across. The first date in the book is 2,000,000,000 years ago, when the earth was cooling and rocks were forming. The book contains 1,500,000 items of historical fact. Items following the warm weather pattern — war, tyranny, dictatorship — are entered in red. Cool weather items—revolutions, democratic reforms, and such—are entered in green. A scroll 100 feet long traces the pattern of world weather.

Wheeler collected the bulk of his data in the '30's and early '40's. Most of his time since then has been spent getting it into publishable form. It will take ten volumes to do the job.

"Realizing that climate is in many vital ways responsible for human behavior," Wheeler says, "we may ultimately be able to do something about this behavior."

This can be expressed in another way. Given a means of looking ahead, the human race can prepare for danger on the way. We can be wary of beer hall rabble-rousers and people who offer to run our lives for us better than we can run them ourselves. In sum, lessons taught by Wheeler's charts of past performance can point the way to future survival.

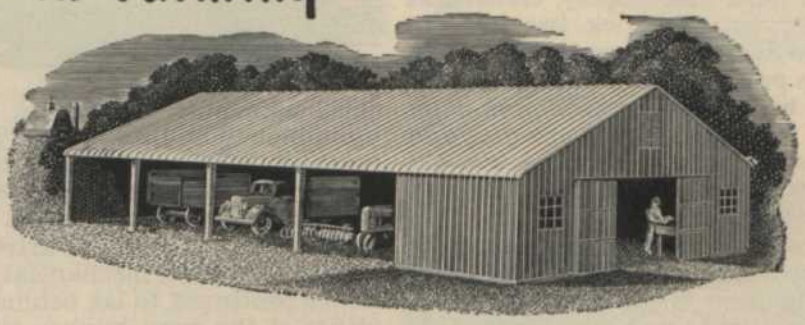
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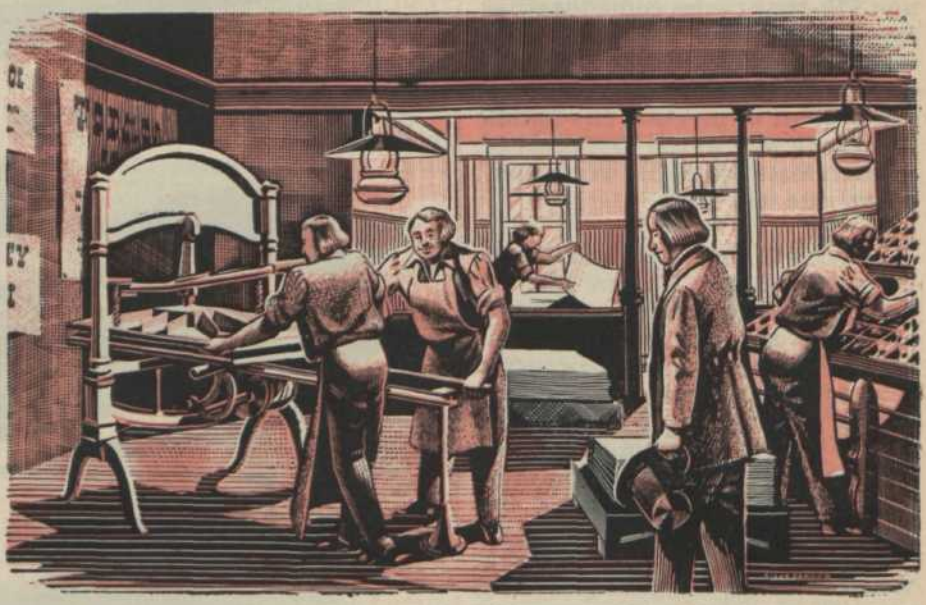
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ACORNS OF INDUSTRY

The Story of Printing

THE PRINTING industry is proof that the first 100 years needn't necessarily be the hardest. With this craft, it turned out to be the first 2,500. Though ancient Assyrians apparently possessed the art of printing, using tablets of burnt clay, it wasn't until 1450 that the next big step was made when Johann Gutenberg invented interchangeable type. And it wasn't until the dawn of the nineteenth century, 350 years later, that another major development occurred —printing presses began to be made out of iron instead of wood.



Offhand, this might not seem too revolutionary, but a wooden press was weak and wheezy, creaked at every pull. It took two men to keep its body and soul together. An iron press not only did a smoother job but by being more productive did it cheaper. On it one man and a boy could turn out in a few weeks work that had taken months on a wooden one.

From this springboard printing improvements began to follow in rapid order in this country. It was more than just the fact that Americans were naturally an ingenious and handy tribe. It was the times. The Revolutionary War had made them free, and freedom and the printed word went together. The art of printing was to make greater strides here in the next few decades than it had in all the world's previous history.

Stereotype printing by plaster of Paris began to be practiced in this country by 1813. It speeded up publication and cut costs still further and negated the necessity of recomposing type for each new edition. A dozen years later, a new method of paper manufacture, introduced by the Fourdrinier machine, lowered the price of paper. The following year elastic rollers, made from glue and molasses by a Yankee compositor, were used to ink the presses.

A tremendous step forward came in 1845 when Richard Hoe, a New York manufacturer, conceived the notion of a rotary press, in which types were fastened upon a revolving cylinder, each turn of the machine producing four sheets. This was followed in 1865 by the "web" machine, which printed a roll of paper continuously from stereotypes fastened on a cylinder.

Steam power began to drive the presses. However, mechanical processes continued to lag behind the wants of the word-hungry public. Not until 1886 and the Linotype machine — which brought about fast, mechanical typesetting—did printing get its wings. In the Linotype's wake came kindred, dovetailing inventions that make possible today's publications—photoengraving, multicolor presses, rotogravure, etc.

A date worth noting, though, is 1894, the advent of the first comic strip. R. R. Outcault was the cartoonist and it was published in the New York *World*. His "Yellow Kid" and "Buster Brown" were immediate hits.

Going back to the early days of this country, the first objective of a printer was to obtain a government contract for the printing of assembly proceedings, executive papers and official forms. With that as a basis to take care of his running expenses, he looked about for other work to produce the gravy — posters, handbills, almanacs, etc. Later, America's printing industry got a shot in the arm from the increasing friction between the colonies and England, bringing on a deluge of crusading broadsides and pamphlets including Thomas Paine's "Common Sense."

Newspapers had a hard time getting off the ground because the authorities were inclined to take a dim view of them. As early as 1689 an attempt was made to start a paper in Boston. Called *Publick Occurrences*, it lasted one issue. Although only a recital of happenings, it was suppressed as "meddling." It wasn't until 15 years later that the Boston *News Letter*, generally regarded as America's first newspaper, came into being.

The news in the early American papers was written leisurely, the gossip of visiting sea captains being a prime source for overseas happenings, and the ads generally consisted of the announcement of some merchant that he'd received a consignment of goods which he'd be willing to sell at reasonable prices, or that someone had a slave for sale, or that a certain ship was getting ready to sail for a certain port.

Benjamin Franklin, generally looked upon as the patron saint of the American printing industry, in 1730 took over the weekly newspaper the Pennsylvania *Gazette*—which was to evolve into *The Saturday Evening Post*. He was a hard-working ad getter, but it wasn't

until a century later that advertising began to become the important source of revenue that it is today.

Thirty-five years before the war Franklin had made plans for America's first magazine, but a rival printer, Andrew Bradford, got wind of the project and beat him by three days with *American Magazine*. Franklin had the last laugh, though. Bradford's magazine lasted only three issues; Franklin's all of six.

The mortality rate of these first magazines was high. Few lasted more than a year. Competition was stiff, and Franklin, in his duties as postmaster of Philadelphia, was not above stopping rival publications in the mail.

America's "magazine era" really got started with Godey's *Lady's Book* in 1830. L. A. Godey was a fat, happy man and his magazine reflected it. For several generations it affected the manners, morals, tastes, fashions and goals of American families. Another publication to have a profound influence on the magazine world was *Graham's Magazine*, which hired John Sartain, a famed London painter-engraver, to work for it exclusively and the publication's proclivity for illustration began a trend still in high favor.

On the other side of the magazine railroad tracks was Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Weekly*. Leslie would distribute wooden blocks to a force of engravers, then assemble the parts so as to hit the street quickly with an eight-page tabloid of murders, fires, disasters, lynch and morgue scenes. It was the forerunner of magazines like the *National Police Gazette* and the bloodbrother of tabloids still in existence today.

We look upon *Reader's Digest* as a contemporary phenomenon, but actually the first magazines of this country existed pretty much on reprints, gobbling up matter from newspapers, pamphlets, London publications. There were no copyright laws in those days. And, while this printing piracy was widespread, the wonder is that it wasn't even more wholesale. The reason it wasn't is that sometimes the printers, out of enlightened self-interest, would get together and agree to refrain from muscling in on each other's territory.

That an author had no protection was of little concern, and it was pressure from writers that brought the copyright laws into existence. In 1783, John Ledyard appeared in person before the Connecticut legislature to get copyright protection for his book, "A Journal of Captain Cook's Last Voyage," probably the first instance of a book being copyrighted in this country. And it was largely because Webster had so much trouble obtaining a copyright for his "Spelling Bee" from the 13 colonies that he became such an ardent Federalist.

In 1790 Congress took its first step toward promulgating copyright laws, and, while we would not wish to detract from the exhortations and inspiration of the muse, these laws, protecting their products from infringement, undoubtedly provided a big incentive for men like Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper to turn to the trade of telling tales.

From its early days when one man was likely to be printer, type foundryman, publisher and ad solicitor, the printing business has developed into a highly specialized and mammoth industry. There are more than 43,985 printing establishments in the United States — the largest group of manufacturers in the country. In one recent year the staggering total of 798,000,000 books rolled off its presses and some 40,000,000 newspapers are published every day.

In Franklin's age there was such a small handful of printers that he had to go abroad to learn the trade. Today the industry employs 715,450 persons and spends $1,318,000,000 in wages and production every year, something like 50 times the entire amount of money that was in circulation in the United States in Old Ben's time!

—HAROLD HELFER



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How Fair is the Draft?

(Continued from page 33)

dislocate severely the nation's economy, to say nothing of the emotional strains married men and their families will suffer. Lower the draft age to 18? That will solve nothing after the first year.

THERE is an easy, effective and equitable solution. The chief drain on our military manpower pool is the rejection rate for physical and mental deficiencies. (Forget the 45 to 80 per cent rates reported after the Korean campaign stepped up Selective Service quotas. Half the men in the 19-26 age group were rejected during World War II. Exemptions for military service already rendered and enlistments accepted, not included in the statistics, threw the figures of last summer completely out of line). Since the standards are substantially the same as in the last war, it is reasonable to assume that about 35 per cent of the men coming up will be declared unfit again.

We cannot afford to eliminate one young man in every three. We need not lose more than 300,000 men a year if a reform, dictated by logic and necessity, is adopted.

The physical standards for induction must be lowered. It can be done without impairing the efficiency of the armed forces by the simple expedient of junking the outmoded notion that every conscript must qualify for combat.

Dr. Henry H. Kessler, who was in charge of the rehabilitation program at Mare Island in California during the war, believes 75 per cent of the men rejected can be used for general — not limited — service if the present physical standards are lowered.

"It can be accomplished without fuss or bother," Dr. Kessler says, "in six to eight weeks during regular boot training."

Dr. Howard W. Rush, chief of the Convalescent Service during World War II, mentioned on July 22, 1950, some specific jobs industry has found for the physically handicapped. "Dwarfs proved invaluable in the construction of airplane wings; paraplegics produced precision instruments; the blind proved that many assembly lines are operated as well by touch as by sight; the deaf showed that inability to hear can be minimized by written instruction, and cripples of every sort more than pulled their weight."

Look at some of the more common reasons for disqualification the Army still is applying in the current draft. A man is rejected if his feet are not good enough for marching. No consideration is given to the proposition that the man can be used in a desk job that involves walking only to the nearest filing cabinet, mess hall and washroom. The minimum height requirement for the armed forces is five feet, two inches and the maximum is six feet six. Lack of height is a definite asset to a mechanic in the cramped quarters of a tank, a jeep motor or the fuselage of a plane. Excessive height can facilitate the handling of supplies in a quartermaster depot.

Men with perforated eardrums are rejected because poison gas is fatal to them. Gas has not been used as a weapon since World War I. Men who cannot see at 20 feet what normal vision sees at 400 feet are rejected. Sounds reasonable until you consider that visibility of 24 inches is all that is required to operate a typewriter.

THE thousands of professional athletes who were classified 4-F during the war and continued making muscles provoked so much criticism among servicemen and their families that the Army made an official study of such exemptions. It was found that the majority of them were deferred for trick knees.

"Those fellows would be a liability on the battlefield if they threw their knees out of joint," an Army spokesman commented.

"Suppose they popped a cartilage in the Pentagon?" I asked.

The man changed the subject.

The United States would have no manpower crises, no agonizing shortages of combat troops, if an effort were made to use, rather than discard, every youth regardless of physical handicaps. Like all generalizations, this one must be modified. Although spastics and paraplegics can work in offices and release men for more rigorous duty, the problem of transporting and caring for them might tie up more fit personnel than were replaced. Men who must have special diets for organic gastric ailments also might complicate army routine. Severe heart cases and a few other categories would have to be deferred. But as a basic proposition, every man of military age—the one material resource we cannot roll off assembly lines, for all our productive genius—able to live a normal life in civilian society should have a place in the armed forces.

Military people will howl. They will argue that establishing several classifications for physical capabilities demands as many different training programs. So what? Other countries do it. Sure, it means a lot of staff work. So what? For that matter, it is a palpable waste of time and money to give everyone under arms the intense training for combat only five per cent needs. Further, setting up limited-service components to take care of supply, housekeeping and bookkeeping chores will enable the brass to train more thoroughly the men who do the actual fighting.

APART from military expediency, there is an equally strong recommendation for Selective Service that combines less selectivity with more service. Civilian confidence in the draft as a democratic, impartial process will get a boost.

There will be less uncertainty, less finagling for occupational deferments if every young man knows he has an unpleasant, but necessary, obligation to perform. As General Hershey says, "I haven't seen a draft questionnaire yet in which the guy said he shot people for a living." There will be less griping in the armed forces if everyone knows he is in the same boat with all other members of his generation.

History has conferred few favors on a generation born in depression, weaned on upheaval and maturing now in the shadow of another war. It's tough to be 19 in the sixth decade of the twentieth century, but the very law that imposes sacrifices on a boy contains certain key words which are his only hope for the future. The law, enacted on June 24, 1948, reads:

"The Congress hereby declares that an adequate armed strength must be achieved and maintained to insure the security of this nation.

"The Congress further declares that in a free society the obligations and privileges of serving in the armed forces and the reserve components thereof should be shared generally, in accordance with a system of selection which is fair and just, and which is consistent with the maintenance of an effective national economy."

The key words are, of course, "security," "free society," "obligations and privileges," and "fair and just."

"Open the Door, 'Fishbait'"

(Continued from page 39)

have the opportunity to be of service to you at all times and hope that you will feel free to call on me. I shall look forward to hearing from you requesting me to do something for you." Then, with a flourish, he signed himself: "Yours for *SERVICE*, Fishbait."

No congressman could offer more. In January, 1949, when Congress convened, Fishbait was elected doorkeeper in a landslide—173 to 65. At Mr. Truman's inauguration, Fishbait was everywhere. He bustled about so jubilanty that one bemused bystander observed: "You can't tell who's being inaugurated—Harry Truman or Fishbait Miller."

A politician's politician, Miller was born in Pascagoula, Miss., in 1910. He was so scrawny as a youngster that everybody called him Fishbait.

Fishbait met Rep. William Colmer, who later brought him to Congress, while rendering service to a local politician named J. Guy Krebs. The latter was running for sheriff with little hope of election. "We ran hard," Fishbait recalls. "I drove Krebs' car, tended babies, changed diapers, chopped wood and slopped the hogs—anything for a vote. We took that election."

Colmer, who has been Fishbait's patron through the years, has advised him never to run for Congress. "If you do," Colmer warns, "you can't possibly be nice to everybody."

Last spring, in his greatest triumph, Fishbait attended the marriage of Colmer's secretary, a pretty young Mississippian, LaNora Byrd, to Gene Ralph Fillius. When the guests arrived, Fishbait bustled about, showing them to their pews. In the middle of the ceremony, the minister suddenly turned pale and Fishbait rushed to brace him up. When the minister failed to go on, Fishbait took the ceremonial text and modestly read the marriage vows: "Repeat after me, I, LaNora, take thee, Gene . . ."

"It worked out just fine," Mrs. Fillius says today, "although Gene got a little excited and started to repeat some of my vows. The poor minister had a heart attack, but he recovered just in time to pronounce us man and wife. We're very happily married and there's always room at our table for Fishbait."

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HOBBY with a BANG

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN



INDIANAPOLIS TIMES PHOTO

Pop Niedner, old-time rifle-maker, explains craft to fan



Wearing the blue and the gray of Grandpa's day, experts fire at the Berwyn, Md., gun club

YESTERDAY, a matter of life or death; today, an absorbing, fascinating pastime. That, in brief, is the history of muzzle-loading rifle shooting, which currently is enjoying a slightly spectacular comeback throughout the country. An estimated 10,000 people—men, mostly, but even some women and children—are taking happily to the fields and woods these Sunday afternoons, there to rattle the welkin with resounding blasts from cumbersome old guns such as their pioneer forefathers used.

There are good reasons why so many otherwise modern citizens have hauled their great-great-grandpop's weapon down from the attic. Collecting and firing these ancient miniature cannons is a hobby that can be all things to all men. It can be pursued indoors and out; it can be cheap or costly, depending on the hobbyist's tastes and bankroll; it can give a man a chance to display his skill with tools; and it can lead into other fields—the study of Americana, for instance.

The hobby even affords a man a chance to dress up without joining a lodge or going to a masquerade ball. Coonskin caps, fringed buckskin jackets and even pants made of hides are common on muzzle-loading ranges. The five marksmen on the Norfolk Long Rifles team in Virginia wear Confederate uniforms patterned after those worn by each individual's ancestor in the Civil War.

For the born collector, few hobbies offer such a wide range of specialties. Some specialize in pre-Revolutionary guns, some in War of 1812 models, some in Civil War pieces. There's practically no end, for example, to the varieties of the Kentucky, or "Daniel Boone" rifle (which actually was not made originally in Kentucky at all, but in Lancaster, Pa.)—and the Kentucky is just one of many kinds of muzzle-loaders.

Despite their age and relative rarity, these old-timers are fairly easy to come by; most gunsmiths know where they can be found, and there are several dealers who sell nothing else. It's possible to pick up one in firing condition for anywhere from $20 to $30. It's possible to pay much more, too; wealthy collectors have shelled out sums running to five figures for a single weapon.

Muzzle-loading enthusiasts who work in their own shops are prone to be a bit scornful of those who buy their guns from dealers. Many sportsmen like to use guns they've made or reconditioned themselves; Mr. and Mrs. Jerome E. Hirtle, Jr., of Bath, Pa., always rerifle their own. But even the man who has no rifling equipment can show off his handicraft — by carving the stock of his gun, or fitting it with a modern micrometer or telescopic sight, both quite common on ranges today.

The man who enjoys taking his own unhurried time in doing

things could find no more satisfying diversion; in fact, no hobby could be less suitable for an impatient, hyperthyroid type. Cleaning the rifle with ramrod and patches, which must be done after each shot, is a production that can take anywhere from five to 20 minutes. Then the powder is measured out and poured down the barrel (most devotees carry their own powder horns), after which a piece of linen is placed over the muzzle. A hand cast lead ball is placed atop this cloth—and here's where craftsmanship comes in again.

Most muzzle-loader owners insist on casting their own ammunition—they generally have to, since each man's barrel is apt to be different from his neighbor's. Casting occupies much of the rifleman's time at home, although some prefer to melt their lead over an open fire and do it at the target site.

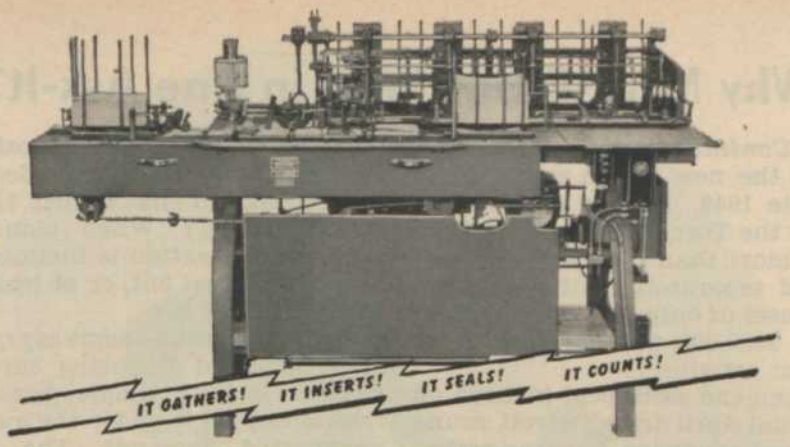
Once the ball is put on the cloth, it is driven part way into the barrel with a short, sturdy rod and a round-nosed hammer. Then the extra cloth is cut away from the muzzle and a long ramrod is used to shove the ball all the way down. Some guns are fired with caps; if the piece is a flintlock, the marksman pours priming powder into the flash pan of his gun and trains it to the touch-hole. When he pulls the trigger and the flint-loaded hammer snaps down, it ignites the flash powder.

There's plenty of action available for the marksman who likes competition. There are about 30 muzzle-loading rifle clubs scattered from coast to coast, and the National Muzzle-Loading Rifle Association claims more than 6,000 members. National championship matches are held each year in Friendship, Ind.; local champs go there to compete in five days of arduous shooting at 50, 100 and 200 yards.

It's possible to obtain a high degree of accuracy with these old guns. Walter Younker of the Blue Mountain Club near Shartlesville, Pa., once scored 17 consecutive bull's-eyes at 100 yards.

"I never knew what fun with guns could be until I started shooting muzzle-loaders," one sharpshooter said recently. "To some people, it may seem like a lot of trouble to go to, but the long hours of enjoyment are worth it. I get a real sense of satisfaction in rerifling one of those old jobs and then firing it."

The hobbyist paused, his eyes twinkling. "Yes, sir," he added, "shooting a muzzle-loader gives a man one hell of a bang!"



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Why Not All Our Begs in One Ask-It?

(Continued from page 48)

rolls, the new broom swept clean in late 1949. For its 143 member units the Torch rounded up 27 per cent more than they had ever collected separately, with campaign expenses of only 4.6 per cent. More than $200,000 was earmarked for cancer activity.

When the ACS local insisted on its usual April drive, Detroit swung no legal sandbags, trusting rather to public acceptance of "Give Once For All" to teach the hold-out national a lesson. ACS makes uncontradicted claims of heavy private pressures brought to bear on civic leaders, radio and churches to hamstring their effort. A Torch-signed poster saying in large letters: "When you gave to the Torch Fund, you gave to FIGHT CANCER" was certainly all over town at a critical juncture.

In spite of such handicaps, plus a late start, the ACS took in close to $150,000, only ten per cent less than the 1949 take, with expenses of six per cent. The ACS local chairman predicts that the same methods, plus a faster start, will bring in some $250,000 in 1951, more than the Torch allotted for cancer in its first demonstration.

In 1950, Detroit also saw the usual rash of "membership campaigns," actually supplementary fund-raising drives, for good causes customarily covered in the conventional Community Chest—all legitimate but moving many to ask Torch officials the awkward question:

"What's about that 'Give Once For All' deal last fall?"

Non-Torch, non-in-plant campaigns planned by the Red Cross, Polio and ACS for 1951 will further weaken that indiscreet slogan, which the Torch nevertheless plans to retain. It hardly needs saying that nobody in Detroit likes this situation, but each side has so lively a bear by the tail that nobody has yet figured out an answer.

What ails the nationals anyway? Why does ACS cut up so rough, defy local civic leaders whose support it needs so badly? Answers vary, depending on which national you look at.

Even federationists sometimes admit that, as a national mainstay in sudden disaster, the Red Cross cannot leave its finances to uncoordinated local ideas of what it needs. (Red Cross, though in some respects a "national health voluntary," is in so special a position that I have not even included its annual take in that earlier $100,000,000 figure.) When planning strategy, federation is inclined to leave Red Cross out, or at least at the end of the list.

Polio's generous—some say quixotic—policy of financing care of victims lacking ample personal resources puts it under the gun of unexpected demands. The 1949 epidemic, worst in history, so strained its resources, local and national, that it had to go back to the country for an extra $3,700,000 to make ends meet.

But also on more general grounds, with which Polio agrees, federation is resisted by such nationals as ACS and Crippled Children, which meet no special emergencies and stick largely to education, case-finding and research-subsidy.

One point is practical: ACS is



"Is my husband here? He's a burglar"

sure that it can raise more by going it alone than by putting in with a local coalition to which it will be merely Headache No. 82 at allocation time. Its local volunteers, it says, work so zealously because they are specially interested in cancer, often because they themselves or relatives suffer from the disease. A good many of ACS's dollars come from people of special cancer-mindedness, less likely to respond as generously to a generalized appeal. Polio feels the same way about polio.

Generalized fund-raising, ACS says, also robs the community of the valuable educational effect achieved by doorbell ringing. Personal appeal and educational literature delivered to the door often persuade a housewife to get a check on a newly noticed lump in her breast or a queer sore on her husband's lip. Such instances multiplied by millions are vital in the ACS campaign to get cancer to the doctor in ample time.

Such nationals consider "Give Once For All" to be not only poor public relations, but an approach that makes the annual bite sound unreally big. To a small storekeeper untouched by "in-plant" solicitation, $15 for the local Chest, nationals included, sounds like a lot. But, on the much deplored catch-as-catch-can system, he is likely to give the Chest alone $10 in November, pay a dollar for Christmas Seals, and give $2 apiece to Polio, Heart, Red Cross, Cancer and Crippled Children as they come along—total $21.

Such agencies further mistrust the power of the purse in local hands. They suspect that allocations from a general kitty would lead to efforts to control the use of funds. That may do less harm in local welfare than in organizations with national programs promising most for the nation at large.

Discoveries made by ACS-supported projects in Los Angeles or Baltimore may benefit cancer victims everywhere. Yet in one large city the Community Chest, long including the ACS local, recently told ACS it would hereafter have to guarantee that all money allocated would be spent locally. Wanting none of such "precinct-mindedness," the ACS quit the Chest.

The nationals even suggest that, in backing federation, business men deny their own principles of free enterprise:

"It sounds deceptively good on the surface," you are told, "but they've been too busy to think it all the way through." Thus:

Strict local coordination of fund-raising and allocation is a move toward a voluntary, semi-private bureaucracy that could readily turn governmental. In any case, it necessarily reduces flexibility. Growing reliance on the easy method of corporation gifts and payroll-deductions amounts to a voluntary tax that could all too readily turn legal and compulsory. Whereas, in all sincerity, the na-

tionals see themselves on the side of free enterprise and freedom of individual choice as to where one's dollar goes.

The federationist snaps back that the nationals' rigid, arbitrary policies stifle "home rule" and essentially democratic initiative. So it goes.

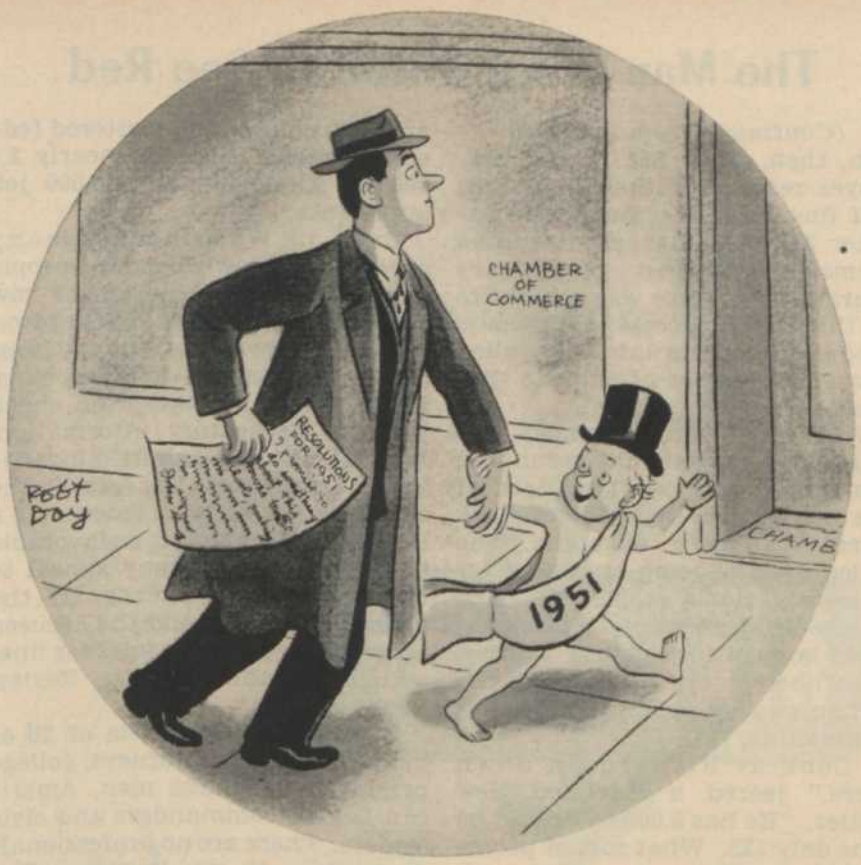
Here and there middle ground is being sought: Greenwich, Conn., is one of several communities now trying federation of local affiliates apart from the regular Chest, campaigning at a different time of year —what might be called a "Give Twice For All" program. If that works in enough towns, there might eventuate a national federation of nationals, with an annual campaign for a National Health Chest. This body could approve newly formed outfits, keep its members out of industry's hair and make sure the research dollar from private givers is spent where it is needed.

THAT would take care of both the vacuum and the log-jam in the calendar. Glance again at the above summary of the big nationals' position and you can see how little they would like it otherwise. ACS, in fact, recently decided *not* to go along with the Greenwich program.

Such variety of local experiment —one of the advantages of local autonomy in a democracy—is the likeliest road to a better answer than anybody has yet dreamed up. Rigidity in either camp is almost certainly bad medicine.

Hence it is encouraging that even ACS, which has been bearing the brunt for the nationals, resists the temptation to nail the flag so high it can't be brought down. ACS' Detroit local continues amicably to finance cancer work to which the Torch also gives money. Tougher policy would have said: take their money and you can't have ours. Common sense said: anything well spent on cancer is fine by us. On the national level, too, ACS has decided that, under certain conditions, affiliates can follow Red Cross' Detroit lead and play ball with federation on "concurrent in-plant" solicitation, reserving their right to shake canisters and ring doorbells ad-lib in April.

Any solution for your community will need plenty of good temper and flexibility. And a solution is emphatically indicated. The present mess is too much of a drain on people's time and dispositions, already strained by the drift toward war.



Start the New Year
RIGHT . . .

GENERAL RESOLUTIONS are worthless. That's what your clergyman will probably tell you. They're too indefinite, too vague. So don't just promise yourself to be a better citizen next year. Instead, resolve to do as good citizens do—support the organizations in town that are building a better community for you, your family, your business.

Your chamber of commerce is one of these organizations. Sure it's out to promote trade, but it's just as interested in better schools, fire protection, public health and safety, and a raft of other civic considerations. In fact, it's for most anything that makes the town a better place to live and work.

And you'll find the chamber works as a team. You may want more done about civil defense planning. Another member is plugging for better playgrounds. He helps you and you help him. He, you and the community all benefit.



It's not always easy to solve every problem, but it's always easy to get help. All you need is to be on the team. Ask your chamber of commerce executives about membership.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

The Man Who's Hired to See Red

(Continued from page 30)

him, then, when 561 federal employes resigned rather than face FBI fingerprinting and when another 378 quit without defending themselves against preliminary charges. But there was a backfire to this early success. The mass exodus of suspects naturally pulled down the number of culprits that could be caught and fired.

Volunteer critics opened fire when he reported that a running average of only one twentieth of one per cent of the federal work force — "a mere bagatelle," he called it—was being separated for disloyalty. Some people refused to believe that so many Americans could be faithful to their country. Superliberals cried out that the system was not only iniquitous but unworkable.

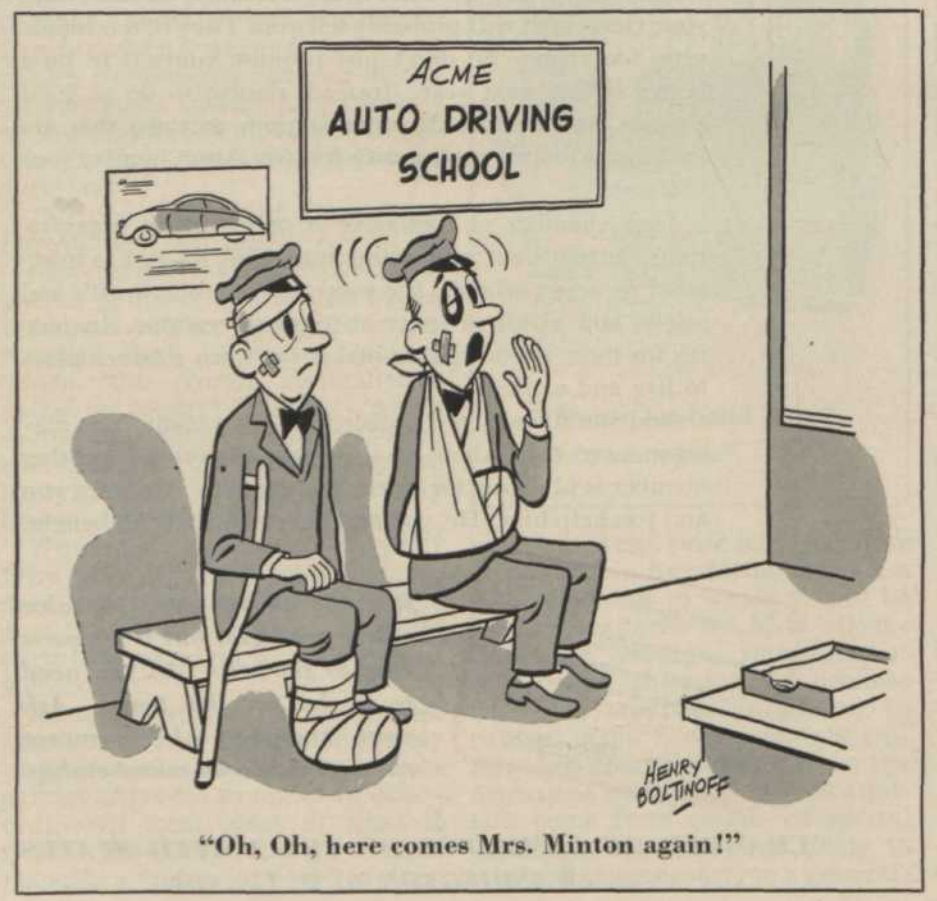
"Look at Richardson down there," jeered a sidelined New Dealer. "He has 5,000 cases and he wins only 125. What sort of prosecutor is that?"

Though he customarily turns a tough hide to criticisms, Richardson trumpeted like a hurt elephant at this ignorant appraisal of his former job. Besides being prosecutor, he was judge, parliamentarian and administrator over the hire-and-fire policy of 65 scattered federal agencies, covering nearly 2,000,000 employes and 400,000 job applicants.

Even in Washington, many otherwise knowledgeable people have only a foggy notion of how the system, which Richardson headed, works. This is no spy hunt on a by-guess-and-by-gosh basis. If the routine fingerprint check leads to derogatory information, the FBI lays on a full field investigation and reports the facts to the employing or hiring agencies. If a hearing at this level is unfavorable to the accused, he may appeal to the head of his agency. If the charge still sticks and the accused perseveres, the case comes for final action to the Loyalty Review Board.

This top body consists of 20 or more prominent attorneys, college presidents, business men, American Legion commanders and civic leaders. There are no professional-do-gooders or spy hunters. The lone woman is Miss Meta Glass, sister of the late Sen. Carter Glass, and an educator in her own right.

"I may be a domineering, biased, contentious individual," he says, "but I couldn't have bossed this group even if I tried."



"Oh, Oh, here comes Mrs. Minton again!"

To date the Board has handled 130 appeals. Of these 72 have been reversed, 51 sustained and the rest are pending. Only 201 persons have been fired and 212 have been rejected for disloyalty. When Richardson was boss of the Loyalty Board and it was suggested that his Board ought to be more trigger-happy, he exploded:

"Well, I'd never be a member of such a board. I'd a damn sight rather let some fellow get by who's a little off color than to fire one who may be all right. The penalty is much more severe than anything handed down in the criminal courts. I always thought to myself, 'Lord, suppose this fellow has a son?' Yet with all the care we took, I don't doubt that we dismissed some workers who in their hearts are loyal."

Richardson's first experience with Potomac hysteria gave him a lasting skepticism. At the end of World War I, still in the uniform of a training camp Army captain, he visited Washington and went up Capitol Hill to call on Sen. Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, then his beau ideal of an independent statesman. "Fighting Bob" was under assault by the patrioteers of the day as a radical and pro-German pacificist. He hurried out of the Senate chamber in shirt sleeves and said:

"Oh, it's you, Seth. When I heard a soldier wanted to see me, I thought they'd finally decided to arrest me."

Concern for the underdog is instinctive with Richardson. It is never doctrinaire. He was a Red-baiter during the 1930's when, as he says, "being a Communist didn't lose you any invitations. It was a summer sport to wear the bleeding heart." But once at a swanky house party Richardson drove to the station with the hostess to meet some guests. There he encountered a beat-up old fellow with whom he'd once played baseball in the Northern League. The two men fell into each other's arms and swapped memories till the train came. This displeased the hostess, especially when she learned that the old crony was fresh out of the penitentiary for robbery. Richardson told her:

"When you've played ball with a man, he's immune for life. Besides —he never stole any money from me."

The Puritan in Richardson can hate the sin, forgive the sinner and also insist that the State has an interest in morality. As assistant state's attorney for Cass County,

N. D., he prosecuted an adultery case though the wife would not come to court as complainant. He lost the verdict, but stuck to his principle that even the most intimate of private sins can be a crime against the public.

This, of course, is the perfect attitude for a loyalty censor. But the two big reasons why Richardson got the original loyalty appointment were his Republicanism and his pre-established reputation as a public investigator with no time for frivolity or favoritism. As Assistant Attorney General under President Hoover, Richardson was sent to Hawaii to study law enforcement conditions after the Massey rape-murder scandal.

Heading a group of ten, including three FBI agents, Richardson laid down two rules—no parties, no publicity. The silent, unsocial visitors had been in the islands three weeks when the governor sent word that it was customary to pay a formal call and make some preliminary report to the reigning dignitary. Richardson replied that he would do all his talking to the Attorney General back in Washington.

Richardson was in private practice, mostly for corporate clients with suits against the Government when Sen. Alben Barkley asked him to take over the investigation of the Pearl Harbor disaster.

"Are you crazy, Alben?" shouted Richardson. "Or do you just want a Republican to pull your chestnuts out of the fire?"

"Isn't that good politics?" joshed Barkley.

As chief counsel for the joint House-Senate committee, Richardson disappointed some of his fellow isolationists by being scrupulously fair. They hoped he would prove that President Roosevelt had laid the country open to attack. The facts didn't confirm these hopes.

"Roosevelt," Richardson told us for this article, "armed three fishing boats and sent them to scout the Jap fleet in the China Sea. If they'd been shot up, there'd have been an incident. But he was more surprised than anyone else when the attack came at Pearl Harbor—so you can't accuse him of planning it that way."

Though he was assailed for playing the front man in a Democratic whitewash, Richardson fought hard behind closed doors for a censure of the War and Navy departments.

Washington lexicographers never have found the *mot juste* to



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describe Richardson's politics. Despite his youthful hero worship of La Follette, he never joined "Fighting Bob's" several forays outside the party. Richardson accepted appointments of United States District Attorney under Presidents Harding and Coolidge, supporting them both. He served under Hoover and actively campaigned for his reelection. During the Eightieth Congress, he advised Sen. Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin, chairman of the Senate judiciary committee, to confirm no more Democrats for the bench. Wiley said he'd be inclined to confirm any good man, regardless of party. "Well, you're too broad-gauged for me," said Richardson. Is he therefore one of the Old Guard?

"If I'm a conservative," snorted Richardson to this query, "I'll take soda water."

Thurman Arnold once said to him:

"Seth, you're a progressive. You belong on our side."

"Don't make me laugh, Thurman," said Richardson, "all you liberals know how to do is spend money."

ONE reason for the difficulty may be that Richardson, as Walter Lippmann has suggested, is merely early American, a species for which no modern nomenclature has been coined. Richardson simply says:

"I don't think I've changed a basic political view in 40 years."

His ancestors came to Plymouth Colony in 1639, but Richardson was born Feb. 4, 1880, in Otterville, Iowa, where his father was pastor of the Methodist Church. The family moved to Ortonville, Minn., when Seth was three. He attended public schools, went to Hamline University in St. Paul for two years and then on to the University of Wisconsin where he took his law degree in 1903.

By this time he was earning $100 a month, with expenses, as a pitcher for the Fargo, N. D., baseball club, but he declined an offer to move up to Beaumont in the Texas League. Instead he set up in law at Kenmare, a land-boom town in the North Dakota woods. A year later, in 1904, one of the Fargo club owners, an established lawyer, took Richardson into his office.

Twenty-five years of small town, mid-continent law practice shaped the Lincolnesque figure which came to Washington to stay in 1929. As a beginner in Fargo, the young man took whatever cases would bring in a fee.

Richardson got his first big case in 1915, when Gov. Lynn Frazier appointed him special state's attorney in a gasoline tax collection suit against the Standard Oil Company. He won it from Pierce Butler, later a Supreme Court justice. He was appointed later to defend Governor Frazier's right to seize the Wilton Coal Company mines during a strike in 40-below weather. Richardson cited a precedent where the state had been upheld in dynamiting a house to prevent the spread of a fire. During last winter's coal strike, he told Arthur Krock, New York *Times* columnist:

"Arthur, that's the only case on the books that's pertinent to the President's right to seize the mines."

Richardson was uncomfortably aware that E. O. 9835 is quite a departure from American jurisprudence. Accused persons are heard in star chamber sessions, locked away from the purifying vigilance of public and press. The accused seldom faces his accusers, has no challenge of prejudiced jurors, no knowledge of how they vote or why. He is tried on indirect evidence of keeping bad company, having subversive thoughts, being capable of deeds which he hasn't yet committed.

True, the only penalty is separation from a government job to which he has no constitutional right. But the consequences of the penalty are public disgrace.

Lawyer Richardson had many negotiations with J. Edgar Hoover over the FBI's use of invisible unidentified fingermen. Hoover's reply was:

"I can't get evidence except under the seal of secrecy."

At last Richardson hit upon a solution. Could the FBI evaluate its witnesses with such tags as "known to be reliable," "of unknown reliability," and so forth? Hoover agreed.

Then Richardson tangled with Atty. Gen. Tom Clark over the Hatch Act. This law forbids the Government to hire anybody who advocates the overthrow of the Government by force or violence. But it doesn't specifically say that Communist Party members are automatically disloyal in the meaning of E. O. 9835. One day in 1948 Richardson went to Clark's office and asked for a certificate to that effect.

"If I gave you that, we'd have to prosecute every Communist in the country," objected Clark.

"I can't shed any tears over what you'll have to do," yelled Richardson. "I know what I have to do."

There was such a heated discussion that Richardson later apologized. But that evening Clark phoned him at home to say:

"Seth, you were dead right, and I was all wrong. We're going to give you that certificate."

As a seat of arbitrary power, the Loyalty Board comes close to outranking the White House and the Pentagon. What limitations are on a chairman who is prosecutor-judge - parliamentarian - administrator of a program without restraining precedents? Richardson picked the review panels and handled the final papers. He controlled what publicity went out of the office. He had no regular duty hours, was not responsible to Congress. Never once in three years did he discuss the work with his sole boss, President Truman.

POSSIBLY the toughest Richardson ever got was when he served as panel chairman in the closed-door hearing of William W. Remington, now under indictment for falsely denying his alleged Communism. Richardson, as we learned from eyewitnesses and from reading the secret testimony, made Remington sit almost under his chin and hammered him with questions. He was the only person who didn't "mister" the Commerce Department economist.

But Elizabeth Bentley, Remington's accuser, refused to repeat her charges against him. Richardson and other panel members voted for acquittal. Richardson said later:

"I had to laugh at the praise Remington gave the panel because it excused him. What the hell would he have said if it hadn't?"

Richardson regards the loyalty program as part of the cold war with which America is stuck until further notice. "If the President called the program off tomorrow," he says, "the Board would hold a farewell dinner before he could change his mind."

Last winter Richardson agreed to a public debate at the University of Pennsylvania with his old friend Arthur Garfield Hays, the celebrated civil rights champion. Hays opened by saying:

"I want it understood that there's only one good thing about this loyalty program—and it's Seth Richardson."

Richardson rather liked that, coming from an expert. The remark just about summed up the reasons he'd taken the job in the first place.

Bottlenecks of Invention

(Continued from page 38)

do things cheaply which are otherwise prohibitive. So, in World War I, the Germans found a way to get fixed nitrogen for explosives from the air instead of from bird droppings (guano) in South America, which they could no longer reach. Once they had spent the money to install the expensive process on a huge scale, the process became cheap and with it we get cheap fertilizer today.

War invention brings to mind that curious bottleneck, obsolescence, which has both economic and technical payoffs. In World War II it stood in the way of aircraft mass production. Early in the war, no sooner was a plane put on the assembly line than reports came back from the front of bugs in its operation. This often meant radical changes, the scrapping of machines, retooling in the midst of production. New inventions, new techniques come so thick and fast these days that much expensive equipment is likely to become useless almost overnight.

> "To pay his federal taxes, the average worker today puts in about 47 days a year—close to one day a week. If all the proposed new programs go into effect, the average worker will then have to give the pay from 67 days of work to pay federal taxes. When he does this, he is saying to the federal Government: 'Here, you take my money and buy me something with it. You know better than I do what I want.'"
>
> —James F. Byrnes

In 1926, sound-on-film made the silent movie vanish like morning mist: expensive reels of film were relegated to museums, picture-making on location largely had to be abandoned, new studios had to be constructed and costly equipment bought. Of course, smart operators with plenty of capital can sometimes see these things coming and convert in time, but a lot of little fellows fall by the wayside where they may keep company with the ghosts of the boys who patented new gas burners just before Edison got the right filament for his bulbs in West Orange, N. J.

It is true that much experiment in television was wasted because of new advances in electronics. The job of "scanning," essential to video broadcast, originally was done mechanically. Scanning consisted, in the early days, of sweeping a beam of light back and forth across an image. It was done, in 1927, by rapidly revolved mirrors. But nothing could make the mirrors revolve fast enough to reproduce the images clearly at the receiving end.

It did all right with a Micky Mouse animated cartoon but when it tackled a football game you were never quite sure whether the boys were playing polo or lacrosse. Suddenly along came an inventor who shot electrons instead of light at the image and the whole of television invention had to go back almost to scratch. It was this kind of reversal that kept TV in the laboratory for more than 60 years.

The doubts of TV's early backers take us back to Bottleneck No. 1—"public acceptance." Tele-fans in 1950 find it hard to believe anyone was ever so benighted as to see no need for television. But here's another one: How many of us would like to see that commonplace device of speed and security, the zipper, abolished? Yet for more than 40 years after the zipper was invented, no one thought it worth while to produce it. We had buttons and snap fasteners, hadn't we?

The zipper was patented in 1893 by W. L. Judson of Chicago. People were easy-going in the 1890's. Men shaved with straight razors or went to the barber. Women enjoyed fussing with petticoats and bustles. So they laughed at this ingenious timesaver. Judson forgot his patent and turned to other things.

Back in the 1930's, long after the patent had expired, someone dug it up. Suddenly it was exactly what everyone wanted.

In 1950, there is tremendous pressure on inventors. Many of us are unhappy if there is not something new every minute. Precision rain-making? Atomic engines or man-carrying rockets to the moon? Bottlenecks. And maybe some of them are good. If dry places still have to go without rain because it might fall on wet ones, if super-electronic gadgets must wait on education, we will save time and trouble in the end. If we can learn to put bottlenecks where they belong and smash them where they don't, everything will be easier both for us and for the inventors.

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Of All People

(Continued from page 42)

Let me tell you, Jack, the future of this country is being made out in—"

"Ellen, honey, I *do* wish you'd make him shave off that horrid mustache," Grace's voice drilled into Roberts' ear. "It just makes him look like an old foreigner, or something. I only know one man who can get away with a mustache, and that's Guy Fillmore. But of course he's much older than Jack, and besides he's a lawyer, so—"

"Waiter!" Liscomb shouted suddenly. "Let us have a little service here!"

"No more for me, thanks," Roberts said. "I'm fine."

"Nonsense!" said Liscomb, and as the waiter approached he snapped, "Do it again, boy; all around." The waiter looked at him impassively and disappeared.

"Really," Roberts protested. "I mean it." A slow anger was spreading inside him, and his eyes felt glassy.

"Shucks, son, this is a celebration. It's not every day that your old friends the Liscombs come to town. The least you can do is get a little stinking with us. We'd do the same for you."

"SPEAKING of getting *stinking*," Grace said, "honey, tell them about Guy last New Year's Eve. That was the funniest thing I guess I ever did see."

"Oh, yes. I was going to tell them before. Well, we always have a big New Year's Eve party — 60, 80 people for a barbecue dinner, and all—and we usually get into the drinking whisky around five in the afternoon. Well, last year Guy showed up in a—"

"Honey, you should tell them first that Guy had been drinking since noon," Grace interrupted. "He'd come over to the house in the morning, and stayed all day. Remember?"

"That's right. Well, at any rate, Guy has this Mercedes, and—"

"Oh, tell them how he got the car," Grace said. "That's the best part of the story. That's what makes it so funny."

"I'm getting to that," Liscomb said slowly. His story, when he finally got into it, was long and involved, and during the telling of it Grace interrupted him no fewer than seven times. Halfway through, the waiter arrived with their drinks, and Liscomb paused while they were served, then backtracked a few sentences before continuing. When he got to the end, Grace had tears of laughter in her eyes, and Ellen chuckled politely. Roberts simply looked at Liscomb and smiled.

"Of course," Liscomb said, "you really should know Guy to see how funny it was—he has a way of talking that you have to hear in person."

"It's just a shame," Grace said dreamily. "Guy's safe in bed at our hotel—he's in New York on a case but the poor boy's exhausted. Otherwise you could see for yourself how hilarious he is."

"Yes, I'm sure," Roberts said, still smiling. "He sounds like a very funny man."

"You look a lot like him, you know," Grace said. "You really do."

ROBERTS gulped down a big swallow of his drink, and said nothing.

"What's the matter with you, boy?" Liscomb asked. "Don't you feel well?"

"I feel fine," said Roberts. "Why?"

"You just look kind of beat, that's all. You been hitting it hard lately?"

"No, I haven't. As a matter of fact, this is the first time we've been out this week."

"Of course," Liscomb said, "the life you people lead here in New York, it's a wonder you're alive at all. Now, back home, we—"

"I have news for you," Roberts broke in. "The life we lead here consists mostly of sitting at home. We seldom go to night clubs, incredible as that may sound."

"Still, it's not what you'd call a healthy, out-of-doors life," Liscomb insisted. "Now, for instance—"

"You mean like the healthy, out-of-doors life that Guy Fillmore leads?" Roberts asked.

"Now, don't get me wrong about Guy," Liscomb said. "He's a hard-working man, and one of the best lawyers in town. Smart as a whip. He's just got his life worked out so that he can have some fun, too. There's nothing the matter with Guy."

Roberts started to answer, but under the table he felt Ellen's foot pressing down on his, and he checked himself.

"Speaking of out-of-doors," Grace said nervously, "we've got a thing back home that I haven't seen anywhere else—it's called a drive-in movie. You just drive right in and sit in your car, and there's the movie on a great big old screen, right in front of you. I never did see another one like it."

Roberts looked at her. "They're all over the place," he said. "We've even got one here in New York. Up by the Whitestone Bridge."

"Up by the where?" Liscomb asked.

"The Whitestone Bridge—just a few blocks north," Roberts said blandly. "Ellen and I often drop up there for a breath of fresh air and a movie."

"Well, what do you know about that?" Grace said. "And in New York City, too."

Roberts took a deep breath, and Ellen leaned forward quickly. "What else have you been doing since you got here?" she asked Liscomb. "From what Grace says, you've been busy every minute."

"Well, we have," Liscomb said. "We've been—"

"What we've been doing mostly is shopping," Grace interrupted. "There are just so many things we can't get back home, that I just can't seem to stop buying. Of course, lots of things we *can* get back home, but I just don't see any point in coming to New York if you don't buy something here, because back home people are always asking you what you got when you were in New York.

"Of course, I suppose it's a weentsy bit extravagant, but I tell Rex it's *good* for a man to have an extravagant wife. And it is, too—it really is."

"How do you figure that?" Roberts asked.

"WELL, it makes a man work harder. If a man has a wife who doesn't like nice things, then he just gets into a little old rut and doesn't *go* any place, but if he's got to think about paying for coats and dresses and what all, then he's going to get out there and hump himself, and he's going to get ahead in the world. You see what I mean?"

"You have a point there," Ellen said. "I never thought of it that way."

Roberts looked at Liscomb, who was smiling indulgently, then picked up his drink and finished it in one gulp.

He looked at his watch. "My God," he said. "It's one o'clock—we've got to go."

"Oh, no you don't," Liscomb said. "You're coming with us to the El Morocco. I told you, this is going to be a celebration. Waiter!" He snapped his fingers and looked around the room. A waiter ap-

proached him. "Check, boy!" he called.

"I'm not kidding," Roberts said. "We really can't. I've got to be at work early tomorrow, and besides—"

"Just for one drink," Grace coaxed him. "Just for one teentsy little old drink."

"No. I mean it. We can't."

"You're just being stuffy, that's all."

"I'm being nothing of the kind," Roberts protested. "I'm simply—"

"Holy cow!" Liscomb exclaimed, as he examined the check the waiter had brought. "What are you charging us for here? Your month's salary?"

"That's right, sir," the waiter said. "You had several rounds before the lady and gentleman arrived. You had two sandwiches, too."

"Yes, but twenty-two *dollars*—"

"Here," said Roberts, reaching for his wallet. "Let me—"

"No," said Liscomb. "Put it away. This is our party." He shook his head slowly and put $25 on the plate. "Keep the change," he said to the waiter.

They all stood up and Roberts and Liscomb helped their wives into their coats.

"Well, we'll see if the El Morocco can do any better," Liscomb said, when they got outside.

"I'm serious about this," Roberts said. "We've got to go home."

"You're just an old spoil-sport," said Grace. "Ellen, honey, tell him he's *got* to come with us for just one drink."

ELLEN looked at Roberts. "It's up to you," she said.

"Oh, horsefeathers," said Liscomb. "Come on." He took Roberts' arm and started to steer him into a waiting taxi. Roberts shook his arm free.

"I'll say this just once more," Roberts said. "We have got—"

"Oh, come on, John, don't make a scene," Ellen said, and took his other arm. "Just one, and then we'll go." She and Liscomb shoved him into the taxi, in which Grace was already sitting.

They had one round of drinks at El Morocco, and then Roberts and Ellen said good night to the Liscombs, and Grace told Ellen to promise she would make Roberts shave his mustache. There were mutual promises to keep in touch, and then Roberts and Ellen went out and got into a taxi. Roberts' headache was gone.

"Well," he said, as the cab started off. Ellen looked at him.

"I'm sorry about that," she said. "But I really didn't see how we could get out of it. We couldn't have just one drink and then run."

"No, I guess not. I didn't mean to sound so sore, either. Only that—"

"I know," she interrupted. "I know. Everything considered, I think you did beautifully."

Roberts was silent for a minute. "That was certainly a nice, quiet evening we had at home, wasn't it?" he said.

Ellen laughed. "Don't worry. You can be in bed in ten minutes, if you play your cards right."

"That's just it," he said. "I'm no longer sleepy." He looked at Ellen and she looked back at him and smiled.

"All right," she said. "You call it. Where should we go?"

"I don't care. Back to the Stork?"

"If you want to, sure."

ROBERTS leaned forward and gave the driver the change of address. Then he sat back and began to laugh. "I just had a wonderful idea," he said. "When we get there, let's call some friends and ask them to come down and have a drink with us. Tell them we won't take no for an answer."

"Good," said Ellen. "Whom should we call?"

Roberts thought for a while, smiling, then he turned to Ellen and his eyes widened. "I know just the person," he said. "The perfect one."

"Who?"

"Guy Fillmore."

Ellen sat quiet, stunned by the beauty of the idea. "What would we say to him?" she said, at last. "We couldn't very well ask him to come—"

"We'll just say the Liscombs told us to call and give him their best," Roberts said. "That ought to be enough to start with, if he's been asleep."

"Or we might ask him to tell us about last New Year's Eve," Ellen suggested. "Say the Liscombs told us to call him for the full details."

"Oh, sure. And we can find out how his mustache is doing—"

"And all about the Cactus Club—"

"There are a million things," Roberts chortled. "And I'm going to ask him every one. Ev-e-ry last one."

Ellen looked admiringly at her husband.

"There are times," she said, "when I'm awfully glad that you and I are on friendly terms. . . . Like now, for instance."



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The Congress Goes Popular

(Continued from page 28)

pursue this subject. Notable among them are Richard M. Nixon of California, Wallace F. Bennett of Utah and John Marshall Butler of Maryland. Each to a varying degree is a political creature of the nationwide revulsion against the Reds and Red protection.

Nixon, a former member of the House Un-American Activities Committee and the nemesis of Alger Hiss, is certain to see that Capitol Hill does not abdicate its office as a spy-hunter. The California people, by a 650,000 majority, endorsed Nixon and his contention that elected officials have a duty to carry out spy-hunts.

With Nixon in the Senate there will be much less patience with the standard argument that there are already enough laws and federal bloodhounds to take care of the Red menace. More congressional investigations are indicated.

THE arrival in the Senate of Bennett and Butler carries the matter still further. Here two men without political experience were chosen over a pair of Democratic incumbents with a total service of 42 years. In both instances the overriding issue was seeming softness toward Communism.

In Utah there were damaging, although outdated, pictures of Elbert D. Thomas in friendly poses with known Reds. In Maryland the election turned on charges that Millard E. Tydings had whitewashed Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy's charges of Communist sympathizers in the State Department. Nobody accused Thomas or Tydings of being Red, but the voters said in effect that Caesar's wife must not only be virtuous but look virtuous.

Bennett and Butler, couriers of this strong message, bring a renewed anti-Kremlin passion to the Senate. We may expect much less ethical hair-splitting when it comes to cracking down on suspected subversives in and out of government.

Two men, who were not on the ballots but very much involved in the election results, come to the front as the new Congress assembles. The conflict between Senator McCarthy and Secretary of State Dean Acheson, while related to foreign policy and Commie-catching, also has some aspects of a feud in the Hatfield-McCoy tradition. The senator is back in Washington with a number of Republican candidates whose elections he materially assisted. The Secretary still has a following, although a dwindling one, which feels that he has been badly treated and shamefully maligned. These groups are bound to clash.

Public opinion in the end probably will have to choose between the two men. Rightly or wrongly, McCarthy has sold the idea that Acheson is unfit for his post. It is Acheson now who carries the burden of proof.

Acheson must constantly come before congressional hearings to ask for money and for approval of his plans. He is continuously dealing with our allies and dickering with our enemies, always at the disadvantage imposed by the McCarthy charges. Theoretically, the question of Acheson's fitness is up to the President. But the country, saddened and puzzled by the Korean War, has a voice that will be heard through the newly chosen Congress. Dirksen, most outspoken of the freshmen senators, already has declared that Acheson should be removed as a concession to public confidence.

The Eighty-second Congress also comes to town with instructions about domestic affairs. The welfare state did not fare well, and this amounted to a cease-and-desist order to the laborite agitators who are its self-appointed missionaries. Their propaganda blitz in Ohio, where the coauthor of the Taft-Hartley Act carried 84 of the 88 counties and most of the industrial cities, was a disastrous backfire on the labor chiefs.

THEY also tried and failed to purge Senators Eugene D. Millikin and Homer E. Capehart in Colorado and Indiana respectively. In Indiana and Wisconsin they lost two tireless singers of the "slave law" dirge, Reps. Andrew Jacobs and Andrew J. Biemiller. In Utah they suffered insult added to injury when Bennett, a former president of the National Association of Manufacturers, ousted Thomas, chairman of the Senate Labor Committee and a Demo-Laborite of long standing. Almost nowhere did organized labor deliver the vote, and the incoming legislators are unbeholden to the unions.

None of this means that the Eighty-second Congress will be predisposed against trade unionism. In point of fact, Taft last year put through 26 Senate amendments to liberalize the Taft-Hartley Act, but the Administration killed the bill in the House in order to keep the issue alive. It is alive no longer. Gone with it into the limbo of buried mistakes is the idea that congressmen must kowtow to labor lobbyists.

The lifting of this pressure will be felt on Capitol Hill. In recent years there has hardly been a welfare measure, no matter how radical or expensive, which was not whooped along by threats and promises from the labor leaders. They will still be listened to—but with much more detachment.

AS a practical matter the new Congress will be run by a coalition of bipartisan conservatives rather than by its nominal Democratic majority. An unofficial but operative joint chiefs of staff will review all measures. The Senate is not going to pass any bill over the combined opposition of Senators Taft, Kenneth S. Wherry of Nebraska, Walter F. George of Georgia and Harry Flood Byrd of Virginia.

Similarly, the House bills will get nowhere without the joint say-so of Reps. Joseph Martin of Massachusetts, Howard W. Smith of Virginia, Charles A. Halleck of Indiana and E. E. Cox of Georgia.

There is, of course, nothing new about this control board of Republicans and southern Democrats, but its authority now stands greatly strengthened. This was brought to pass by the downfall of the Fair Deal's key men and the triumph of G.O.P. conservatives in most of the contested areas.

In the past year the Democrats have lost Senators Lucas, Francis J. Myers of Pennsylvania, Tydings, Thomas of Utah, Thomas of Oklahoma, Claude Pepper of Florida, Frank P. Graham of North Carolina and Glen H. Taylor of Idaho. These include sponsors of the Brannan farm plan, the Ewing medical plan and the Taft-Hartley repealer.

The Republicans, in addition to gaining five seats in the Senate and 29 in the House, have had their leading conservatives endorsed at the polls—Senators Taft, Millikin, Capehart, Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin and Bourke B. Hickenlooper of Iowa.

Another point of significance is the number of Eightieth Congress House members whom the people

returned to office—Fred E. Busbey and Richard B. Vail of Illinois, Horace Seely-Brown, Jr., of Connecticut, George H. Bender of Ohio and others.

Any estimate of the Eighty-second Congress has to be made with the Eightieth in mind. In 1947-48, with this same joint chiefs of staff in command, a number of praiseworthy things were accomplished. It was the Eightieth that inaugurated the Marshall Plan and the Truman Doctrine, cut taxes, reduced subsidies, repealed the Wagner Act and began the search for subversives. We need not belabor the comparison too much, but it's well worth noting. In terms of trends, names and personalities, the "mood" of the Eighty-second Congress is almost MacArthurian: "I have returned."

An important factor involving personnel and party line-up is the age and health of the senators and the Vice President. Deaths and retirements could alter the 49-47 margin in the upper chamber and possibly bring about a realignment of party chairmanships.

But these matters belong on the unpredictable list. Twenty-five of the state governors, who make appointments to fill Senate vacancies, are Republicans—yet this is a meaningless figure. The two older senators, Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee and Theodore F. Green of Rhode Island are backstopped by Democratic governors. A replacement for the ailing Sen. Arthur H. Vandenberg would be made by Gov. G. Mennen Williams of Michigan, a Democrat. If anything happened to the Veep, the presidency of the Senate would fall to McKellar, alert but in his 80's.

BY AND large the intensity of whatever strife develops on Capitol Hill is predicated on the behavior of a man who isn't there—Harry Truman. As a professed believer in "mandates," the President might have learned something from the 1950 elections where his foreign policy and Fair Deal took such a beating. In his postelection press conferences he has steadfastly declined to acknowledge the meaning of these returns. Mr. Truman's actions, not his words, will cause the fur to fly or the dust to settle during the new Congress' reign.

For, as party chieftain, the President still has the initiative to press his over-all program. He and the State Department have direct access to the heads of foreign governments and to the United Nations. On past performance he is quite capable of making overseas commitments and then presenting an accomplished fact to the lawmakers. This time, however, he will find Taft and others alerted to protect the war-making and treaty-making powers of Congress. Similarly, if Mr. Truman makes his accustomed use of Senate and House floor leaders, he can keep Fair Deal legislation on the schedule and waste time.

There is always an outside chance, of course, that Mr. Truman will emphasize the Chief Executive role of his office during the next two years. In this much larger capacity he would take due notice of what happened last November and of the make-up of Congress.

DESPITE his word-of-mouth reputation for stubborn loyalty, Mr. Truman is a fast man to jettison Cabinet members when the mood or the pressure is on him. It would not be entirely out of character for him to throw some human sacrifices to the new Congress.

But there is a third role which Mr. Truman may be playing in 1951-52, that of candidate for re-election.

As a candidate, Mr. Truman would no doubt try to make some of the one-man plays at which he has had mixed success in the past. When things looked bad politically in 1948, he planned to by-pass his State Department and send a personal emissary to Moscow. This one didn't come off, but during the 1950 campaign he flew 14,000 miles for an hour's chat with General MacArthur. Perhaps there were nonpolitical reasons for both these ideas, but the Republicans didn't think so. Justly or otherwise, he will invite criticism and distrust in Congress if he seems to mix politics with patriotic duty.

In much the same way, the President has shown that he knows how to dramatize domestic issues for his political benefit. His theatrical veto of the "unworkable" Taft-Hartley bill served him well in 1948, as did his several assaults on anonymous "selfish interests." If he's a candidate for 1952, we must expect that he'll use the Eighty-second Congress for a sounding board and class feeling for a theme song.

Mr. Truman, in summary, can inject either good will or ill temper into the next two sessions. But the setup is such that he can't deliver anything faintly resembling the Truman program of past years. This Congress is fully equipped to enact its own program.



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Lead Soldiers Parade to Popular Acclaim

By MARGOT GAYLE

AUGUST PAUL WOOSTER, considered by many the top window washer in New York City, runs a business in tin soldiers on the side.

It is a family affair. Wooster molds the tiny soldiers at night or on rainy days when he cannot wash windows, and his wife paints them. Their two teen-aged sons help. Earl, 17, minds the shop and does some molding; Clive, 16, lends a hand in the shop after school, and helps his mother with the painting.

Since absolute accuracy of military uniforms and accouterments is Wooster's stock in trade, both boys have acquired from him and his library of reference books such a wide knowledge of history that an inquiring visitor often is set back on his heels.

The Wooster's shop, called "Knight's Castle," is little larger than an old-fashioned clothes closet, but it houses thousands of lead and tin soldiers, including a full complement of each of the 2,900 regiments that exist today or have existed in modern times. Each individual soldier is about as tall as an ink bottle, and fits cozily into the palm of one's hand. Most of them are stored out of sight, but many hundreds in brightly painted uniforms are lined up on open shelves.

In one of the shop's windows U. S. cavalrymen pursue galloping Indians. In the other a party of miniature knights on horseback clatters over the drawbridge of a turreted castle small enough to be tucked into a bake oven.

Tin soldiers are not just for children. The inexpensive, mass-produced kind are toys, of course, as they have been for generations. But the delicate, individually molded and hand-painted kind are collectors' items.

Most of the tiny soldiers and other toy figures are imported from Europe. They are of lead, and were not available during the war. At present only cowboys and Indians, farm and zoo animals come from Germany, which previously turned out the bulk of toy soldiers. This is because German manufacturers are not permitted to manufacture toys based on military life. So Wooster gets most of his soldiers from France, and sells them six to a box for $2. Knights are obtained from England and sell at about $5 a box.

The handsome little handmade figures that the Wooster family molds and paints are more expensive. They are cast in tin, and may be obtained in silver when the utmost detail is sought.

These figures are for grown-ups, many of whom make a hobby of collecting them. Some collectors come to the shop, but more order from an illustrated catalog.

Wooster does a mail order business that stretches almost around the world. Among his celebrated customers are King Farouk of Egypt, who orders not single figures, but entire scenes peopled with miniature figures; Douglas Fair-



Napoleonics, shown at left, are copies of figures Napoleon used, but boys like all models

banks, Jr.; Sherman Billingsley, owner of New York's Stork Club; the British actress Geraldine Fitzgerald and her 12 year old son, who collect tin soldiers as a joint hobby.

There is Orson Munn, Jr., New York socialite, who likes to paint his own, as does Wolcott Gibbs, the writer. The country's biggest collection is that owned by the Eaton brothers of Detroit. They have some 40,000 figures, all of military life, and they favor Napoleonics.

Wooster points out that Napoleonics are the granddaddies of all today's tin soldiers. Napoleon had whole armies of them made to demonstrate tactics to his generals, later introduced them into military academies for instructional purposes in an early instance of visual education.

But it took Bismarck to make toys of them. He saw their value for kindling the interest of young boys in military pageantry. In 1875 he subsidized the manufacture of militaristic playthings including miniature soldiers and equipment.

Around 1900 Prussian army officers took up the collecting of miniature soldiers. They frequently painted their own. Usually starting with figures depicting their own military unit, they often expanded their collections to embrace scores of regiments.

> **"Any man who can survive by his brains, any man who can put the others out of business by making the thing cheaper to the consumer at the same time that he is increasing its intrinsic value and quality, I take my hat off to, and I say, you are the man who can build up the United States, and I wish there were more of you."** —Woodrow Wilson

Wooster sells his average handmade figure for $15. A price of $100 is not uncommon, and he has made especially cast portrait figures for as high as $750.

Although, in point of time, the first collector in a family is usually the man, many women collect miniature soldiers along with their men folk. For some reason men tend toward soldiers of the last couple of centuries, mostly American, while the women go in for knights and medieval figures.

Most women and many men collectors like to buy unpainted figures, referred to as "blanks," and paint them. This calls for a study of old prints and portraits to discover facts about clothing and trappings of given periods. Wooster supplies a viscous lacquer of the type used for painting model trains, the same as his wife uses in painting the soldiers sold at the shop. Painting should be done under a magnifying glass as the face of a tin soldier is a mere 3/8 inch across.

Wooster became versed in this craft as a boy in Arnhem, Holland. His father was a maker of tin soldiers as was his grandfather.

In the same tradition, Wooster has trained both of his boys. He still says window washing is his business and the tin soldier business is for the boys.

When August Wooster came to this country in the 1920's he could find no one to buy his tin soldiers. The hobby of collecting them had not spread to America. It was not until after American doughboys had returned following World War I, bringing delicate miniature soldiers as souvenirs, that the hobby got a toe hold here.

Wooster thinks the immigration of many Europeans in the '20's had something to do with it, for many were familiar with the hobby. He also credits Hollywood's costume motion pictures with giving a boost to the hobby.

Even now, he will tell you, a ballyhooed costume picture will affect his business. The film "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" inspired customers to buy U. S. cavalrymen, Indians and cowboys. Customers wanted gorillas when "Mighty Joe Young" was playing. After "Caesar and Cleopatra" they all seemed to want little Caesars.

Knight's Castle has minutemen, redcoats, Napoleonics, Bengal Lancers, Cossacks, King George's Own Gurkha Rifles, Rommel's Afrika Corps, and any other you may care to ask for. Besides it has in stock some 260 kings and commanders under whom these served, so that you can request by name and get George Washington, Henry III, Robert E. Lee on horseback, Hitler, even Nebuchadnezzar, to mention but a few.

Wooster says, "Stock is everything!" and spends rainy days and week ends molding soldiers as fast as he can. When he has time he carves new molds out of solid brass, and recently he added to his wide assortment by buying molds of Greek and Roman soldiers from a German firm.

More than 270,000 tiny lead and tin soldiers make up Wooster's stock. Truly something for the boys!

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NOTEBOOK

Happy New Year!

THE SAME old wish is being exchanged by millions on the first day of 1951. To a man from Mars this might seem odd, America and the world being the fateful places they are.

How can we cry "Happy New Year!" this man might ask, with our young men going off again to war, the glutton arms demanding more and more restrictions on the use of consumer goods, taxes and prices taking deeper bites of income and the dire shadow of full-scale atomic warfare over us?

The answer is one we seem to know instinctively. There is happiness to be found in sacrifice, if that sacrifice brings us a treasured thing. Just as parents scrimp to gain for their children the best possible equipment for life, so does the nation give generously of its strength for the preservation of its liberty.

It is a "Happy New Year!" for its light still shines upon the finest expression of man's long striving.

Whoops! Sorry!

COMES NOW the American Society of Mechanical Engineers to report that industry is making $3,000,000,000 worth of defective products a year. Translated from astronomical figure into practical illustration, that sum is more than the retail value of all the electrical household appliances we produce annually, including radios and television receivers.

More general use of national standards, the Society believes, will cut deeply into this waste. By the adaptation of standards to his production line, the manufacturer can set up control charts which will warn him in advance whenever a section of his production line begins to go awry.

The spring look

NOT ALL of us share the great over-all uncertainty about 1951. The apparel retailers, for instance, expect a healthy spring. When the manufacturers showed their spring lines some weeks ago the resultant orders were gratifying. The logic behind this is to be found in comparative statistics.

For the first nine months of 1950, before controls struck housing and instalment buying, independent lumber and building materials dealers reported a 36 per cent gain in sales over 1949. Radio and household appliance stores were 32 per cent better off, automobile dealers 27 and furniture men 15. The fellows who clothe us, however, had lost one per cent of their 1949 volume, while department stores were a niggardly four per cent ahead.

All of which, the retailers feel, points to better times. With a check-rein on credit and durable goods in increasingly short supply, people should buy more of what is available.

The cinder in the eye of the seers who talk that way is this: How will Mr. and Mrs. Consumer behave when faced with higher prices? Stores reported in November that some goods were not moving, even when they were marked at less than replacement prices. The shoppers were pretty choosy, too, probably in reaction from the scare buying of summer.

Package freight

THE MOP, as the Missouri Pacific is known in the territory it serves, is pretty proud of a shipping gimmick it expects will give the truckers a run for their money. Less than carload shippers are being offered a new, double-barreled service: "Speed Boxes" plus red ball freight cars of special design. The boxes are of aluminum, with a capacity of 1,200 pounds or 41.5 cubic feet, and are mounted on wheels. A shipper orders a box, packs it as he wishes and then calls the road for the truck to take it away. It is transshipped to cars brightly painted in the colors of the Eagle passenger trains—blue, gray and yellow — and is easy to spot for preferential handling. The shipper need not crate small items and pays no freight on the speed box's 215 pounds.

Cheaper than dirt

STEEL'S PRICE is higher, following the wage boost, but Benjamin F. Fairless, president of U. S. Steel, was still able to astonish the Cali-



"Have you a dishwasher so complicated that it would be hopeless to expect a fool woman ever to learn to operate it?"

fornia Manufacturers Association at a recent meeting by declaring it to be "cheaper than dirt."

He explained what sounds like hyperbole by pointing out that potting soil for the penthouse plants of Manhattan costs seven cents a pound, as against a nickel for steel.

The tremendous demand and resultant shortage, Fairless argued, are due to the fact that steel undersells every other metal by substantial margins. It is also cheaper, pound for pound, than lumber and newsprint.

It pays to . . .

THE ANNUAL report of the average company has one significant shortcoming, says Henry B. Dalby, consultant on stockholder relations. He suggests, in a new booklet intended to guide executives to a better report, that more stress should be placed on the need for advertising, particularly in the consumer goods field. A discussion of the advertising program will show the stockholder how sales can be increased and also make him understand that an advertising appropriation is more in the nature of investment than of expenditure.

The good earth

WHEN OUR national achievements are rated, industry takes top spot for efficiency, with distribution second. Agriculture runs a poor third—in public approbation, that is.

But agriculture is right up there in the modernity of its methods. Machinery, pest control, better hybridization and the like largely had to do with the bounty of the last crop, produced with 13 per cent fewer workers, barely any additional acreage over 1939. A decade's progress shows these percentage gains in output per acre: potatoes up 67 per cent, corn 35, tobacco 26, wheat 20, cotton 19, soybeans 17 and oats nine.

S. R. O.

LOUIS II of Bavaria was a regal type who liked to listen to his opera without hearing the crunch of popcorn, or whatever it was they ate at performances in the last century. He was alleged to have built an opera house with only one seat, his.

In Pittsburgh there's an industrial one-man show in the Fisher Body plant. A television camera is linked by 900 feet of coaxial cable to a screen mounted beside a control panel. The one-man audience watches the progress of loading gondola cars with baled scrap and then uses his controls to shift the cars.

Only drawback, from the operator's standpoint, is that even with himself as the sole showgoer, there is Standing Room Only.

Fun and selling

JUST BEFORE television became an entertainment and advertising force in 8,000,000 American homes radio was under considerable fire for its all-or-nothing sales technique. Critics said that the big shows were too far on the fun side and the independent station programs too heavily commercialed. The argument has been shelved for the moment, with television's popularity giving the advertising gents more or less of a free hand; but it is sure to be revived.

The best formula for radio and TV advertising, say some of the good minds in advertising, is akin to that of the old medicine man. He had his minstrels or his Indian braves to whip up a crowd and then he went into his pitch about the curative miracles of his snake oil. The men who make the advertising are likely to find, when television's novelty has worn thinner, that a good many times buyers question the wisdom or profit in overemphasizing entertainment, with selling getting only casual treatment.

Surging Southwest

IN SPITE of what looked like substantial gains in wages, salaries and other revenue since the war, per capita income rose only 9.7 per cent from 1946 to 1949, according to the census figures. That's like reading a weather report and finding out it was not quite as hot or cold or wet as one thought. The U. S. average income was $1,330.

There were some interesting changes shown in the state-by-state tabulations. From 1946 to 1949 only two minus signs showed —Nevada dropped fractionally to $1,731 and South Dakota by 2.4 per cent to $1,174.

The big surge in per capita income took place around the Southwest. While they are still below the national average, Louisiana jumped 26.8 per cent, Oklahoma 25.4, Texas 23.8, and New Mexico 21.4.

Washington, D. C., led the income procession with $1,820. The first three states were New York $1,758; Nevada $1,731; and Delaware, $1,675.

Year in and year out you'll do well with the HARTFORD



—all forms of fire, marine and casualty insurance and fidelity and surety bonds.

See your Hartford agent or insurance broker

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY

HARTFORD LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY

HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

ANOTHER NEW HIGH

Advertisers in this issue of Nation's Business are reaching 735,000 business men . . . a new circulation record for the magazine, and a bargain for advertisers.

In 1951, advertisers in Nation's Business will be placing their messages before the largest all-businessman audience in the publishing fields.

Ask about the low rates.

NATION'S BUSINESS

Washington 6, D. C.



My fight isn't over

And it isn't over for thousands stricken by polio in the record epidemics of the last three years. Four of every five polio patients needed and received help from the March of Dimes. This drained all patient care funds. You can assure assistance for them and the unknown number of new polio cases. The dimes and dollars you give to the 1951 March of Dimes will make this possible.

March of Dimes funds also sponsor an extensive research program seeking a means of preventing polio some day—research that now promises hope for the future.

Fight Infantile Paralysis

JOIN THE MARCH OF DIMES

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MUSKEGON, Michigan

GREATER
- Industrial Advantages
- Port Facilities
- Enjoyment of Living

In any list of America's best industrial locations, Muskegon is a must.

Here is a city with a special flair for turning out heavy and light manufactured products. In World War II output per capita was so high that the War Manpower Commission acclaimed Muskegon as "the first city in America in the manufacture of implements of war." In peacetime the products are different but the know-how and will-to-do are the same. From Muskegon pours a flood of manufactured articles with an annual value in the hundreds of millions. Prefabricators, tool and die shops, foundries, machine shops and auxiliary shops abound.

No. 1 port on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, Muskegon looks out upon a fresh water sea that has Chicago at one end and Milwaukee across the way. Each is only a few hours distant by water. Between them and Muskegon's unexcelled harbor moves a vast marine traffic. By air, Capital Airlines makes the three cities nextdoor neighbors. Three railroads and many truck lines help give fast service to any part of the Midwest or America.

Muskegon is a great city to live in, too. Its seven miles of public waterfront, its more than 2,000 acres of parks, its top-notch school system help make it right for family life. The Hackley Public Library has 185,000 volumes; the Hackley Art Gallery ranks among the best small galleries in the country.

Within a few minutes of downtown, you may climb huge sand dunes, hear the wind in tall pines, fish for trout in celebrated streams, fish or swim in lovely inland lakes.

In Greater Muskegon* is Consumers Power Company's newest electric plant and one of its largest. Ample power for industry is available at attractive rates in Greater Muskegon as in other parts of *Outstate Michigan*.

For greater success in business and in living, give thought to Muskegon.

*Greater Muskegon includes four integrated communities with a combined population close to 100,000—Muskegon, Muskegon Heights, North Muskegon and Roosevelt Park.

Check These Advantages of Outstate Michigan

- **Exceptionally High Percentage of Skilled Workers**
- **In the Great Market Center of America**
- **Wide Range of Materials, Parts and Supplies**
- **No State Income Tax**
- **Desirable Plants and Plant Sites**
- **Dependable Electric and Gas Service**
- **Excellent Living Conditions and Cultural Opportunities**
- **Woods, Lakes and Streams that Make This a Foremost Vacation Area**



FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE
Industrial Development Dept.
CONSUMERS POWER CO.
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

N-12-NB

**Shading on map shows territory served by Consumers Power Company*



We squeezed first . . . and

NOW IT'S YOUR TURN. Pick up one of those new pliant, unbreakable plastic bottles. Squeeze it. Feel how it gives under your hand, then see how it comes right back for more.

That's polyethylene (just say POLLY-ETHEL-EEN), one of the exciting new miracle plastics produced by the people of Union Carbide.

But before you squeezed it, they squeezed ethylene gas under terrific pressure and carefully controlled conditions. Result: the molecules of gas were *permanently* rearranged into long lines—one of the marvels of modern chemistry. And then out came this tough, flexible plastic utterly unlike any other material—natural or man-made.

Why do you find the people of Union Carbide leading in the development of polyethylene?

Because working with tremendous pressures, high vacuum and extremes of heat and cold is part of their everyday jobs. By the use and control of these forces they supply the world with a wide variety of plastics and the raw materials from which a multitude of synthetic fibres are made. They also make hundreds of other basic materials essential to modern science and industry.

Perhaps your business could profit by the use of some of these materials. Why not ask us about them?

FREE: *Learn more about the interesting things you use every day. Write for the illustrated booklet "Products and Processes" which tells how science and industry use Union Carbide's Alloys, Chemicals, Carbons, Gases and Plastics in creating things for you. Write for free booklet A.*



UNION CARBIDE
AND CARBON CORPORATION

30 EAST 42ND STREET UCC NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Trade-marked Products of Divisions and Units include

SYNTHETIC ORGANIC CHEMICALS · LINDE Oxygen · BAKELITE, KRENE, and VINYLITE Plastics
PREST-O-LITE Acetylene · PYROFAX Gas · NATIONAL Carbons · EVEREADY Flashlights and Batteries · ACHESON Electrodes
PRESTONE and TREK Anti-Freezes · ELECTROMET Alloys and Metals · HAYNES STELLITE Alloys